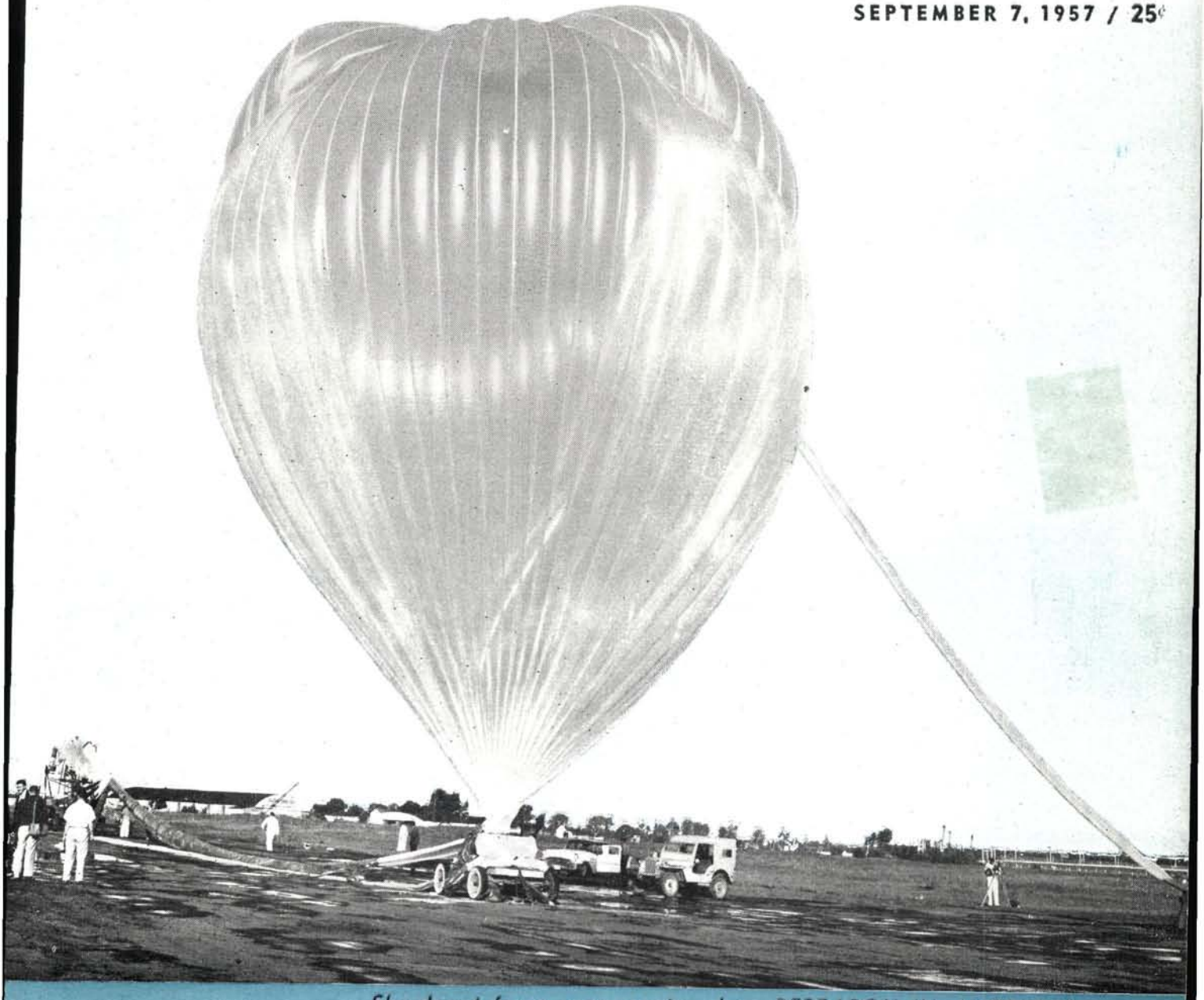
LET'S BE SENSIBLE ABOUT THE FLU . . . . BY JOHN LEAR

Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 7, 1957 / 25¢



Sky depot for a space-engine. (see *RESEARCH IN AMERICA*)

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

WHY DON'T THE SCIENTISTS ADMIT THEY'RE HUMAN?. . . . By W. Furness Thompson

IS AMERICA HOSPITABLE TO WRITERS? . . . By Bruce Catton

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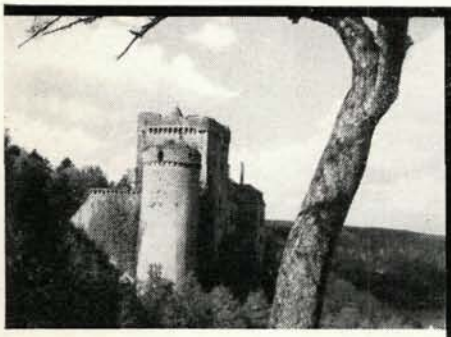

2. ☐ St. Mark's Fort, Trogir, Yugoslavia
   ☐ Olavinlinna Castle, Finland
   ☐ Castle of Hollenfels, Luxembourg

3. ☐ Bullfight Ring, Lisbon, Portugal
   ☐ Wembley Stadium, London, England
   ☐ The Hippodrome, Istanbul, Turkey

4. ☐ The Alcazar, Segovia, Spain
   ☐ The Chateau de Walzin, Belgium
   ☐ Neuschwanstein Castle, Germany

5. ☐ St. Moritz, Switzerland
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1. The Colosseum, Rome, Italy. 2. Castle of Hollenfels, Luxembourg. 3. Bullfight Ring, Lisbon, Portugal. 4. Neuschwanstein Castle, Bavaria, Germany. 5. The village of Heiligenblut, Austria. 6. Kylemore Abbey, Galway, Ireland. 7. The Old City, Stockholm, Sweden.

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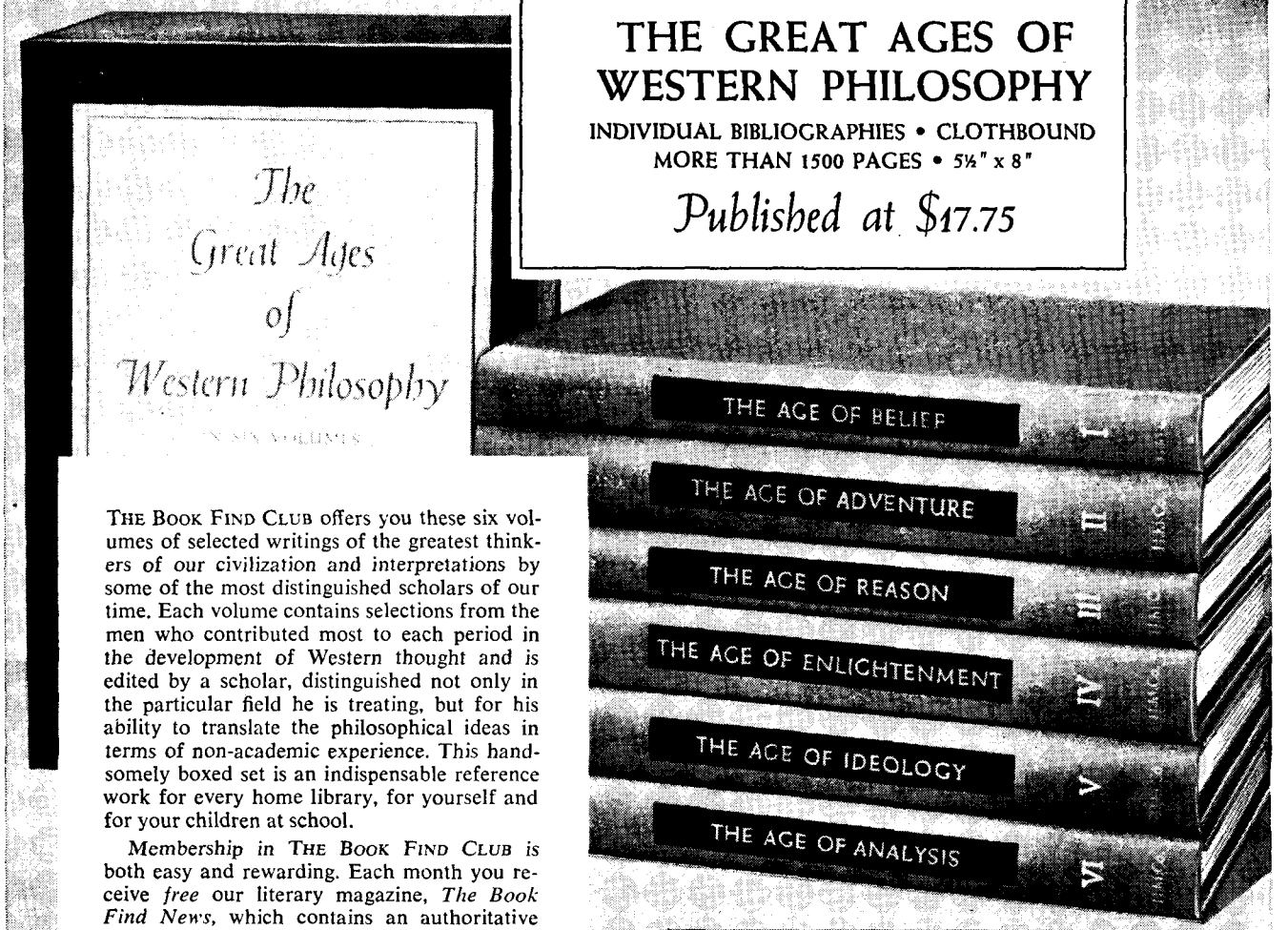

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The Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 7, 1957

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SR/IDEAS

10 Is America Hospitable to Writers? by Bruce Catton
22 View from the Sea: An Editorial
39 Let's Be Sensible About the Flu, by John Lear
44 Why Don't the Scientists Admit They're Human? by W. Furness Thompson

SR/BOOKS

13 Selected Letters of William Carlos Williams
Essays by William Bittner and W. T. Scott
15 The Battle of Cassino, by Fred Majdalany
Reviewed by Gordon Harrison
16 Drive, by Col. Charles R. Codman
Reviewed by S. L. A. Marshall
17 Low-Level Mission, by Leon Wolff
Reviewed by Daniel B. Dodson
18 Dandelion Wine, by Ray Bradbury
Reviewed by Robert O. Bowen
19 Angel, by Elizabeth Taylor
Reviewed by Rosemary C. Benét
19 On the Road, by Jack Kerouac
Reviewed by Carlos Baker
20 Bridge to the Sun, by Gwen Terasaki
Reviewed by Lucy Herndon Crockett
21 Woodrow Wilson: A Biography, by Silas Bent McKinley
Reviewed by John D. Hicks
30 A Mother's Guide to Spocksmanship, by Rollene Waterman
34 Five Modern Nō Plays, by Yukio Mishima
Reviewed by Earl Miner

SR/DEPARTMENTS

6 Trade Winds
23 Letters to the Editor
24 Broadway Postscript
25 *SR* Goes to the Movies
26 TV and Radio
26 Literary I.Q.
27 Music to My Ears
28 Booked for Travel
35 Literary Crypt
39 *SR*/Research for September
51 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1224

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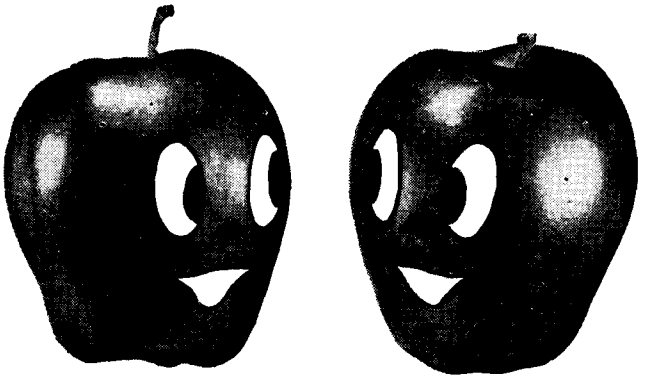

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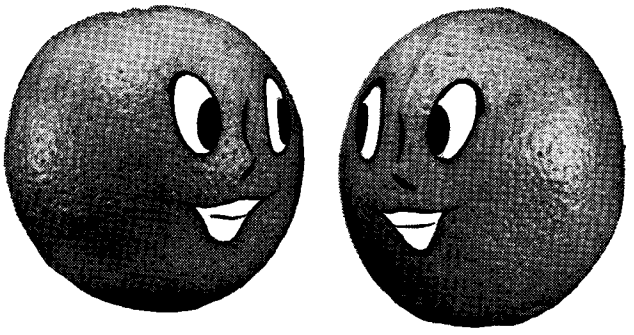

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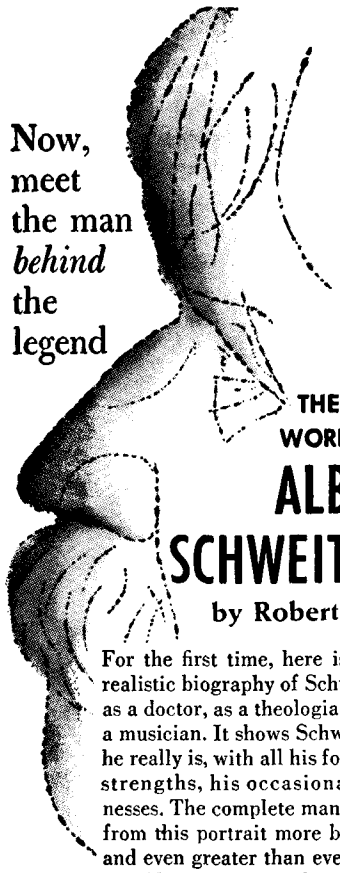

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See Classified, Page 38.

TRADE Winds

IN QUOTES: ▶ Sign in a store-window of a New York variety shop with an eight-foot frontage: STORE-WIDE SALE.

▶ Sign on door of a room in the Westport home of Alex and Hildy Parks Cohen (the Broadway producer and actress): CAUTION! BABY SLEEPING. VICIOUS IF WAKED!

▶ A teacher, intent on impressing his pupils with an important point of grammar, stood on his desk and crowed like a rooster after he stated one of the best-known rules: "You will never forget this now," he told them. Years later he ran into one of the former students who said: "I'll never forget the day you stood on your desk and crowed like a rooster. But what was the rule we were supposed to remember?"

▶ There is a waiter in a New York restaurant who is reported to be an

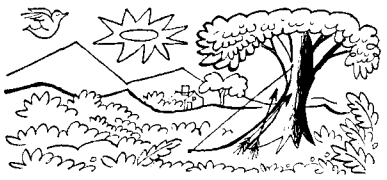
expert on the waiter-there's-a-fly-in-my-soup jokes. (You know most of the answers: "That's all right, he can swim"; "Not so loud, everybody'll want one"; "What do you want for a nickel, a humming bird?" "It's not hot enough to burn him," and so on.) His latest answer to a customer who complained about a fly in his ice cream was: "That's all right—he likes winter sports."

▶ Suggested title for a new magazine about Dalmatians: *Spots Illustrated.*

▶ At a recent gathering of a facile group of wagsters the game of book-reviews - for - unlikely - books moved ahead to new depths. Sitting above the salt were television's Henry Morgan, Paul and Shirley Alter, Rhoda Feldman, producer Gil Fates, and Dee Sherman—all more or less of the television industry. (Actually, all were above the salt, since someone had left it at one end of the table.) Suggestions flew at such a rapid pace that it was impossible to preserve all but the following: "The Story of Cotton" . . . *highly absorbing.* "Burpee's Seed Catalogue" . . . *grows on you.* "Dow-Jones Report" . . . *average.* "The Surgeon's Manual" . . . *had me in stitches.* "Audubon's Bird Guide" . . . *doesn't dovetail.* The gathering came to a merciful end when Mr. Alter said: "Has anyone read 'Dissertation on a Roast Lamb'—by Charles Pig"?

A FEW BOOKSTORES on Manhattan's Upper East Side are reporting a flurry of sales on an obscure, smallish book titled "Zen in the Art of Archery" (Pantheon). Published in 1953, it is by a German professor of philosophy, Eugene Herrigel, who became fascinated with Zen-Buddhism during a term on the teaching staff at the University of Tokyo. Written with deceiving simplicity, the book reports on the author's experiences with archery—not as a sport or recreation, but as an expression of a Total Way of Life. Under the instruction of his Japanese master Herrigel learned over a period of years that marksmanship is not the ultimate aim at all—that the ultimate objective of the painstaking practice is the discarding of the bow and arrow and the acceptance of personal harmony with the Universe. The volume's sincerity, conviction, and quiet indirection mark a striking contrast to the accelerated, sometimes pulpit-pounding religious books which cover many bookstore counters today.

"Zen in the Art of Archery" prompted an inquiry of our own into figures of the sporting world who later became strongly involved in the religious world. With the help of J. G. Taylor Spink, publisher of *Sporting News,* and Arthur Austin, of the National Council of Churches, we are able to report the following: Vernon Law, of the Pittsburgh Pirates, is an elder in the Mormon Church . . . Paul Henrich, a Yankee bonus pitcher who retired because of a bad pitching arm, is now a Lutheran minister in Iowa . . . Jack Fasholtz, with the St.



Louis Cards for a spell, is now finishing his studies for the ministry at Concordia College in St. Louis . . . Billy Sunday, the famed evangelist, was an ex-Chicago Cub star . . . Max Carey and Bill Wambsganss both studied for the ministry, but reversed their fields and went into baseball . . . Lyndy McDaniel, of the Cards, is studying to be a minister during the

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- After-glow
- Tension and relaxation
- Sexual satisfaction
- Varieties of erotic kiss
- Maraichinage
- The body kiss
- The love-bite
- Sexual maturity
- Bodily manipulations and caresses
- Warning to husbands
- Hints on technique
- Variations in position and action
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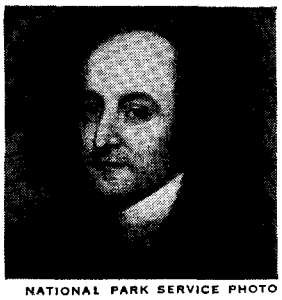

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off-season . . . Reverend George Jeffcoat, formerly a Dodger pitcher, now has his own parish in Georgia.

Other religious leaders from the sporting world include Bob Richards, the Olympic pole vaulter . . . Jack Robinson, the All-American and Olympic basketball player . . . Dave Colwell, the former All-American fullback from Yale . . . and the list goes on.

Ironically, the title "Zen in the Art of Archery" has led to some problems. One well-known bookstore chain insists on keeping it in the section "Books About Sports."

SAM VAUGHAN, DOUBLEDAY'S alert and energetic sales manager, is full of optimism about the book business, and looks forward to a steady market expansion all along the line. In addition, he is now enjoying the fruits of his creative labor by celebrating the publication of his new children's book, "Who Ever Heard of Kangaroo Eggs?" a gay and sprightly story of a kangaroo and a selection of the Junior Literary Guild.

Thanks to Mr. Vaughan we were able to trace the intricacies of the House of Doubleday clearly for the first time. The trade books, which as you know are those of the general fiction and non-fiction categories, are published under the Doubleday label. Garden City books includes in their list mainly functional service books and hardcover reprints. In addition, there is a strong Garden City children's book list, which goes hand in hand with Doubleday, Jr. books to make up a complete juvenile line. In the paperback department Doubleday offers Anchor Books and Image Books (the latter being mainly those of interest to the Catholic trade). Other Catholic titles in hardcover form are published under the Hanover House label. In addition to all of these, lovers of the fine arts can find books to their tastes under the Phaidon Books logo. Sam did not say whether uniformed guides were available in case a visitor got lost in this maze.

SOMETHING NEW in the publishing world is forthcoming in the new Ridge Press, an enterprise growing out of the phenomenal success of the book "The Family of Man," mentioned in this column some months ago. Under the guidance of Jerry Mason, Ridge Press will function very much as independent producers are now operating in Hollywood. Its books will be released by the regular established publishing houses, bearing the additional label "A Ridge Press Book." In this manner, expensive illustrated books will be produced for simulta-

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neous publication in both hard and paper-cover editions at prices which previously would have been prohibitive. Ridge Press will deliver the complete printed edition to the associated publisher, ready for distribution.

Publications already in process include "The Private World of Pablo Picasso," by David Douglas Duncan (with Harper and Pocket Books jointly); "On Leisure," by Robert Osborn (with Simon and Schuster and Pocket Books jointly); and "Picture," a group of picture-stories-in-depth by the American Society of Magazine Photographers, also released by the above two publishers. Add to these Sloan Wilson's new "A Summer Place" (with S & S also) and you have a formidable list for a new young idea which will bear watching.

IN THE DIVISION OF TOTAL EMBARRASSMENT, we are faced with two cardinal sins committed in a previous column which have evoked some justifiably stern comment. First, we hasten to correct the weight of the *Mayflower II*'s jovial Captain Villiers, which should have been fourteen stone (instead of stones).

Then we move along to print with delight the poem received from Albion H. Koestler, of New York City, who comments in verse on the misspelling of the word *yolk*, which for some unfathomable reason appeared recently in these pages as *yoke:*

I'd like to take a polk
At literary foke
Who take a word like "yolk"
And turn it into "yoke."

On those who thus the precept
brolk
This solemn curse I do involk—
In Funk and Webster may they
solk!

With such a creative response as this, we are tempted to make more mistakes—next time, intentionally!

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1223)

MELVILLE CANE:

TO A WOMAN IN A BUS
(EMBROIDERING AN INITIAL)

Impervious to jolt and halt,
To jarring lurch and rude assault,
Oblivious of shock and jerk
She prosecutes her needlework,
Prolongs the distaff rites of home,
The bus her second livingroom.

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Nonexistent, miles away.

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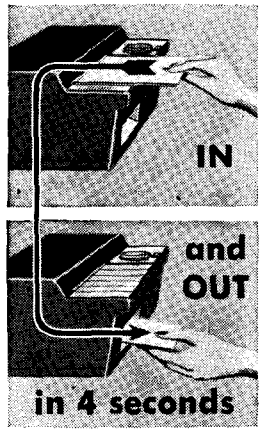

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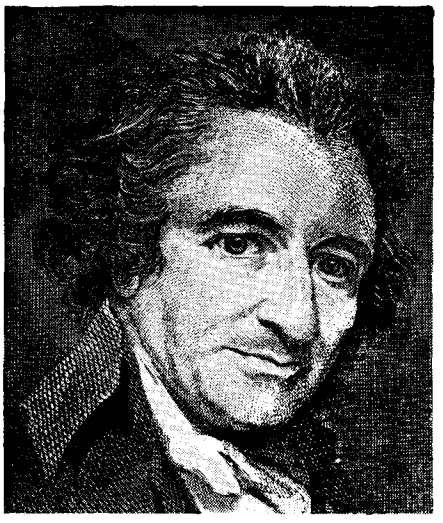
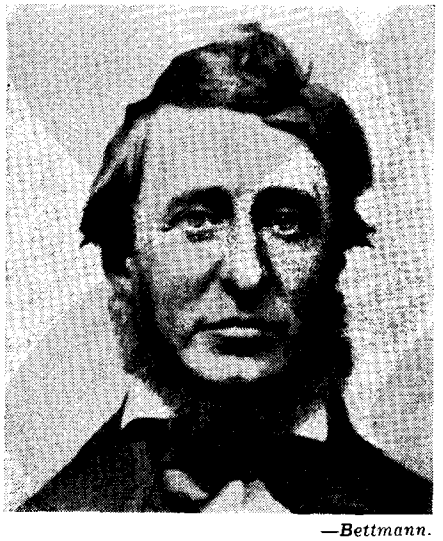
The Saturday Review
SEPTEMBER 7, 1957



Thomas Paine—"a pamphleteer is, after all, a writer."

IS AMERICA HOSPITABLE TO WRITERS?

Horace Greeley—"elevated to a position of prophet."



—*Bettmann.*

Henry Thoreau—"Gandhi might not have been Gandhi."

By BRUCE CATTON

FOR a good many generations America has been a country with a prodigious amount of respect for the written word.

One of the most fashionable of the clichés is the one which holds that America is a highly materialistic nation, a nation which exalts the money-grubber and has a minimum of respect for things of the mind and the spirit. The writer, according to this theory, is and always has been an outsider—a restless, ineffectual person condemned by the cruel customs of society to utter despairing cries from the sidelines or driven by force of circumstance to join the procession and chant insincere hosannahs to values in which he does not believe.

There is of course an element of truth in this. The serious writer—in America or in any other land—is very likely to be at odds with his times. Society is apt to indulge in the unholy reprisal of not listening to him and of withholding from him the rich rewards that go to the men who join lustily in the prevailing chorus. Dissent is rarely popular and the dissenter usually gets treated as a dissenter.

Nevertheless, the fact does remain that ever since the birth of this republic the writer has had a profound and permanent influence on actions taken and on mental and emotional attitudes riveted into the national consciousness. He has been listened to, and it is easily possible to make up a rather imposing list of writers of whom it can truthfully be said: This would be a different sort of country altogether if these men had not written.

There was, for example, Thomas Paine. From our present lofty eminence we may if we wish dismiss him as a mere pamphleteer—except that a pamphleteer is, after all, a writer. Furthermore, there was nothing "mere" about Paine. The American Revolution would not have gone just as it did go without his writings. Within reasonable limits, we can say that we owe our very existence as an independent people—in part, at least—to the fact that this man wrote and to the added fact that his fellows listened to him.

THIS was a special case, to be sure. But consider the extent to which American thinking has been shaped by the words Thomas Jefferson set

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down in the Declaration of Independence, or to the closely-reasoned discussions of constitutional problems embodied in the Federalist Papers. Or by Thoreau who produced relatively little and died young—but put an imprint on men's minds that is still working today. Gandhi might not have been Gandhi without Thoreau: in which case the condition of affairs in India today would look very different. Emerson certainly had a lasting effect on American thoughts and attitudes. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote a novel (concerning whose literary value there still rages a spirited argument) which had much to do with touching off the American Civil War.

Indeed, the whole period up to the Civil War may be said to have been one which was highly favorable to the writer. Gerald Johnson has remarked that what the writer needs is the ability to work in a society which has "a reasonable hospitality to ideas," and that hospitality was present certainly until the time of the 1860s. That, as Mr. Johnson has pointed out, may have been due to the fact that the country was then in the process of breaking through all physical bounds. It was almost literally exploding, expanding in size at a completely unheard-of rate and laying its hands on new techniques in a manner never dreamed of before. It desperately needed ideas, and apparently it was aware of the fact; it was ready to listen to anyone who had anything at all to say, including a vast number of quacks and charlatans, and despite the immense emphasis which was put on purely material progress it recognized the importance of the writer. It paid at least moderately respectful attention to men like John Humphrey Noyes and Bronson Alcott, it elevated Horace Greeley to the position of a seer and a prophet, and it heard men like Cooper and Longfellow with such eager care that their writings—for better or for worse—probably put a permanent imprint on our mythology in respect to the Noble Red Man. An egocentric army officer like John Charles Frémont could win enough fame to make him a candidate for the Presidency, not so much for anything he had actually done as because his writings about the Great West had been read all across the land. If the age failed to shower riches upon a Melville or a Whitman, it at least permitted them to have their say; and we have "Moby Dick" and "Leaves of Grass" today as a result.

I do not see much point in making out a catalogue of American writers of the pre-Civil War period, mentioning the names of their books, citing the fame and money which, severally, they did or did not win, and entering into a long appraisal of the effect which they had on their times. It may indeed be cause for regret that a writer like Melville could fall on hard times while a Cooper could grow rich. It is probably too bad that there was a time when most people considered Longfellow a much greater poet than Whitman. What actually matters is that—at whatever cost to themselves, and in spite of whatever obstacles—writers of genuine stature did flourish in those days and permanently enriched the body of American literature. At the very worst, we must admit that the intellectual climate in those days must have been tolerably stimulating. Any nation which would make a perennially paying proposition out of a lecture tour by an Emerson was at least a nation which was in a highly receptive mood as far as the writing man was concerned.

AFTER the Civil War, to be sure, there was a change in the moral and intellectual climate. The postwar years do not make a period on which it is a pleasure to look back. All of the pressures which had been accumulating through years of geographical expansion, of technological and industrial development, of wartime anger and violence, of immeasurable opportunity for financial manipulation—all of these burst loose, once the war ended, and for a quarter of a century we had a time in which all of America seemed to be on the make. It goes without saying that this was not a time which offered the writer Mr. Johnson's "reasonable hospitality to ideas." An idea which could not quickly be turned into cold cash was quite likely to be a drug on the market in the 1870s and 1880s.

Out of that and immediately succeeding generations there seems to have been born the enduring tradition that the American climate is not favorable to the full development and exercise of the creative impulse. The writer was relegated to a position of minor importance; he got an inferiority complex out of it, and the memory of it lingers to the present day. Some writers deprived the land of their presence altogether and went abroad to work. Others, doing their best in the home environment, complained bitterly about the cramping effect of the prevalent worship of "the bitch-goddess, Success," and testified—in what they wrote, and in the way they lived—to the harshness of the intellectual climate. As writers, we ourselves are acutely aware of all of this; the memory of it, I suspect, has deeply colored our own opinion of our American environment, even though the environment itself has changed immeasurably since that day.

As a matter of fact, it can be argued that the picture even in the post-Civil War years was not entirely black. That is to say, that despite the odds the creative impulse was at work and the intellectual current was still moving, and the independent mind did find chances to have its say. Mark Twain is often taken as the great example of the gifted writer who was twisted out of shape by the pressures of the Gilded Age; the potentially great satirist who conformed, outwardly at least, to the anti-intellec-

—*Bettmann.*

"A Nauseating Job, But It Must Be Done."

The muckrakers—"few ink-slingers did more to change the climate of opinion."

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tual pressure of his time and who became finally much less than he might have become if the world had just been a little different. All of this may be true enough; yet it might be remembered that despite all of this twisting he did succeed—in "Huckleberry Finn"—in writing a novel which today is ranked very close to the top among all novels ever written in America. He also made peculiarly his own, for all American time, the glowing, colorful life of the prewar era in the Mississippi Valley, and to this day an uncommonly gifted humorist will, if he seems to deserve the ultimate in praise, be compared with him. How much do we ask of a writer? Can an era which could produce the writings of a Mark Twain—even though those writings do include a considerable quantity of trash—be written off without further ado as an era in which all of the cards were stacked against the writer?

THEN there was Henry George. Henry George was various things, including a candidate for political office, but among them he was a writer, the producer of a book called "Progress and Poverty." Here is a book which made a profound impression on certain aspects of American thought—and, for the matter of that, on thought overseas as well. Along with everything else, it had a good deal to do with the shape the New Deal finally took, in the 1930s—which, of course, may or may not be a point in its favor, but which at least testifies to the fact that the times did not deprive all creative minds of the chance to speak to their fellows.

To say this, of course, is not to argue that the latter decades of the nineteenth century were in truth a grand time for conscientious and devoted writers. They were not; they were not, in fact, a very good time for truly conscientious and devoted folk in any way of American life, for they represented an era in which the entire country was adjusting itself to one of the most remarkable explosions of physical energy in the history of the human race, and if for a time the things of the spirit were cramped and tragically warped it is not to be wondered at. But I do want to suggest that the scene was not one of universal twilight; and, in addition, it might as well be pointed out that it was not lasting in its effect.

For with the early 1900s the field in which the writer operates became much more hospitable to a proper exercise of the writer's talents.

The famous "muckrakers," for instance, were all writers, and it is hard to think of any era in which a few ink-slingers did more to change the climate of opinion. From Lincoln Steffens and Ida Tarbell to Upton Sinclair, these people were able, not merely to say exactly what they thought about the life of their times, but to find a receptive audience. The literature of protest suddenly became important. If the Gilded Age had been a bad one, there was a wide rostrum on which anyone who chose could dissect it publicly, could say precisely how and why it was bad, and could help to replace it with a better age.

Indeed, when you stop to think about it, the twentieth century did bring in a period in which society was quite anxiously looking to the writer for a re-evaluation of all accepted values. The writer responded, and he has been responding ever since; and (which is more to the point) society listened to him with considerable attention. Frank Norris and Hamlin Garland may have written about a society in which the pressure for conformity was immense, but they themselves were not conformists; and they paved the way—building, incidentally, in part on the work of another product of the Gilded Age, William Dean Howells—for the long stream of realistic fiction which is one of the great achievements of American literature.

There is no particular point in undertaking a name-by-name catalogue, running from the early 1900s down to the present. It may be pertinent to ask if any writer could hope to leave his imprint on the mental and emotional attitudes of his time more effectively than Sinclair Lewis did; to ask if an editor and essayist could easily have a greater impact, during his years of activity, than did H. L. Mencken; and to point out that by the 1930's the writer had come to occupy such an important place, in the molding and shaping of American opinion, that a major effort of the revolutionary Left was to get as many as possible of the novelists, the critics, and the polemicists into the fold. The results of this effort may have been deplorable; but the fact that so much emphasis was put upon it simply indicates the high degree of acceptance which the country generally had given to its writing men and women.

AND what we are engaged in today is an effort to evaluate the position of the writer in America. Does he work in an environment which permits him to make full use of his talents? Is there that general air of hospitality to ideas which is essential to the production of creative literature? Are there social, moral, or economic pressures which tend to handicap the writer, to twist him out of shape, to force him to conform to standards not his own?

Pressures do exist, of course, now as always. We still live in a business civilization. Like it or not, the man who can write a poem or a novel or anything else that goes on paper between book covers is apt to get less in the way of money, influence, and exalted social standing than the man who is able to become, let us say, chairman of the board of a mighty industrial corporation. The rewards which go to a writer who is willing to assert that all is for the best in the best of all possible countries—meaning this one—are likely to be substantially greater than those which go to the man who feels that the times are out of joint and who wants to say so in public. Since the end of the Second World War the pressure for conformity has been especially great, simply because all of us have had a bad scare by a monstrous intangible; a frightened country does not tend to offer a hospitable reception to ideas that are not pretty carefully screened. The writer who proposes to say exactly what he thinks, and who does not confine his thinking to orthodox channels, may eventually find himself discussing his past with a Congressional committee.

IT WOULD be foolish to minimize the bad effects of this immense, if temporary, pressure. It would be equally foolish to let it create undue discouragement. For in the end we must come down to the writer himself. Life has never offered him a bed of roses, and—this side of the Elysian fields, at any rate—it probably never will. It offers him a very hard, wearing job, attended by innumerable discouragements, and it forever tempts him to put his integrity on the auction block. Pressure of one sort or another is on him from the moment he puts a piece of paper into his typewriter. By definition, he is the sort of man who can resist pressure. If he isn't, he isn't much of a writer.

And the principal question, now as always, is, simply: What does the writer want? What is he shooting at? What makes him tick? Does he want, most of all, the approval of his fellow countrymen, money in the bank, a country home in Connecticut, a cooperative apartment in Manhattan, abundant leisure, and a nodding acquaintance not merely with the influential critics but also with the head-waiters in the more expensive restaurants? These are nice things to have; if he goes after them, he can get them—always provided, of course,

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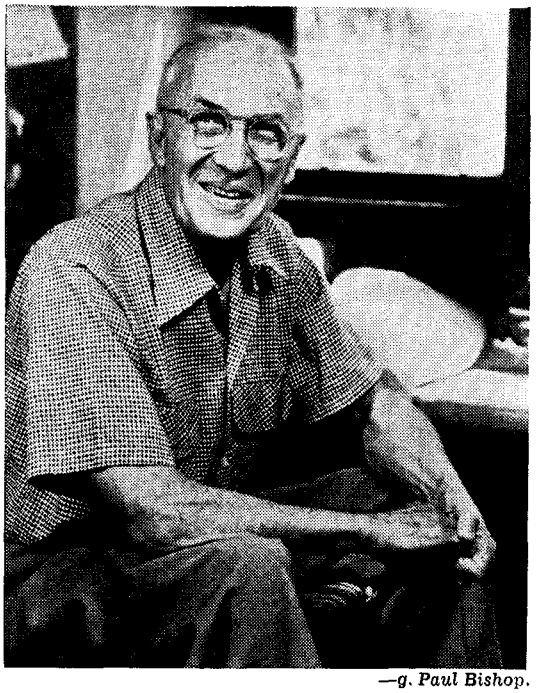

—g. Paul Bishop.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS: MUSE OR PATRON SAINT?

One of the ablest and most influential living American writers—Dr. William Carlos Williams, who writes verse, short stories, and novels in what time he can spare from his Rutherford, N.J. medical practice—will be celebrating his seventy-fourth birthday on September 17. His wide influence on the literary life of our times is reflected in his newly published "Selected Letters" (see next page). Below William Bittner undertakes to assess his stature as a creative artist.

HIS WORKS

By WILLIAM BITTNER

THE ultimate question about William Carlos Williams must be, I suppose, is he the muse of the Passaic River, or merely the patron saint of American poetry? Which did he put first, the chicken (his own work) or the egg (the young writers he encouraged and the little magazines he helped hatch)? I sometimes think that the first thing a pair of undergraduates do, dreaming up a literary journal after a beery evening, is write to Dr. Williams for a contribution. I am sure no one has counted how many ways he has encouraged young writers, from tapping out a heartening note on the electric typewriter he has needed to use since his stroke to writing laudatory introductions, for volumes of verse—many of which, unfortunately, do not deserve it. If generosity is a sin, he is the worst sinner of us all.

Although he has offered invaluable advice and encouragement to young writers for decades, and we as well as they must be indebted to him for helping the minority who really came through, his kindness has become somewhat misleading to the very people he wants to encourage. Many, knowing his work only from the poems he freely gives to little magazines and the charitable comments he makes, have come to feel that he is merely a symbol, not a poet at all. Truly much that is published from his hand would better have been kept private. His power have developed consistently and continuously, and his theory of verse has kept pace with the times, but even the greatest of poets needs a very large waste-paper basket.

One masterpiece should be enough to establish a writer's position, however, and William Carlos Williams has produced many. Whatever controversy there may be about the stature of his other work, I believe no one could doubt that "In the American Grain" is a unique and magnificent book. It is prose, but prose in the hands of a master poet. First published in 1925, when Williams was better known as a physician than as a writer, it attracted little attention, but appreciation of its worth has been steadily on the increase. In many ways it is a generalized equivalent of Williams's book-length poem "Paterson," for each is a vision of America, and each is a wedding of poetry and prose.

The plan of "In the American Grain" is as ingenious as that of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." Each chapter discusses an event in American history and the people involved, from Eric the Red to Abraham Lincoln. The sequence is chronological, but there is an interrelatedness that makes portions seem to move in orbits around one another; you read straight through the first time, then, dipping in the book later, find "Jacataqua," the section on women in America, a means of seeing the Hamilton-Burr controversy as having roots in the earlier chapters. The book is not a history, but a search for origins, that we may know what we are from what we were. The importance of Cotton Mather is made more evident through the section where, in a conversation with Valéry Larbaud, Williams contrasts the Puritan and Catholic approaches to the New World in the story of Père Sebastian Rasles.

Long passages of "In the American Grain" are quotations, from Cotton Mather, Benjamin Franklin, John Paul Jones. Some are sheer narrative, some lyric; the chapter on Edgar Allan Poe is a remarkable critical appreciation—from one misunderstood poet to America's most misunderstood poet. Permeating all, however, is a great love for America; not the defensive patriotism exercised by those who recognize only the glories of our past, but that of one who sees America as imperfect and incomplete. The past provides momentum into the future. America has been rich in such lovers—Whitman, Thoreau, Mark Twain—but Williams writes with an awareness of American roots in Europe that the New England writers lacked, and he has not the split in his being that marred all but Mark Twain's best work.

ALTHOUGH not widely known, Williams's short stories are among the best in the language. Poetry has been the constant activity of his career, but he seems to refresh his poetic originality through the prose he writes. His stories certainly benefit from the sensitivity for words that is a poet's

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basic stock in trade. I cannot become enthusiastic about his novels, for they lack the intensity of his other work and he has not in them exercised his power to create new forms from techniques of poetry. In the stories, however, his ability to sketch a scene in a phrase, and catch the essence of conversation in a few words, has lifted the American short story by its own bootstraps. Although his stories adhere to Poe's definition, they expand the horizons of the form in a way not even Joyce attempted.

In the often-anthologized "The Use of Force," three short paragraphs set up the entire situation, and the story's four and a half pages contain more quiet violence—in a doctor's examination of a recalcitrant child!—than can be found in any of Hemingway's. His most original story, "World's End," is a kaleidoscope of scenes, all told in the first person but with different narrators, characters, and settings, each with its own climax, moving from immorality through violence to compassion; yet the last scene brings them all together to provide the unity that gives short fiction its power.

"Paterson" was intended to be Williams's magnum opus. He worked on it nearly the whole of the decade of the 1940s. The "Paterson" of the book is both a city (not just Paterson, N. J., but its environs as well down the Passaic) and a man, Noah Faitoute Paterson. Interspersed with the poetry are passages in prose—newspaper clippings, letters, bits of local history—which Dr. Williams claims have "primarily the purpose of giving a metrical meaning to or of emphasizing a metrical continuity between

(*Continued on page* 37)

HIS LETTERS

By W. T. SCOTT

"HELL," William Carlos Williams wrote one spring day in 1926, "some days I can write what I want to and some days I write 'In the Am. Grain'—and when I'm very low I can write a letter." There are pages in the **"Selected Letters of William Carlos Williams,"** which John C. Thirlwall has gathered from over half a century (McDowell, Obolensky, $5), which show the belly-crawling weariness of a hard-working physician, pages (even into the 1930s) which show the discouragement of a poet who, though reasonably well-famed, combed New York in vain for a publisher. Yet, on the whole, the mood isn't low at all. These are the spirited, hasty, offhand, high-tempered letters of a busy man. Sometimes the high temper is rude or angry; much more often it is the ebulience of a richly endowed sensibility, keenly pitched to the experience of poetry and all the time deeply involved in the workaday life of suburban New Jersey.

Let us regard that for a moment in terms of a comparison. Though setting one poet up against another too often turns into a useless stick-beating, sometimes a juxtaposition can be instructive—as, I think, in the case of Dr. Williams and Wallace Stevens. The two were near-of-an-age, both caught the ears of the small body of poetry readers at about the same time and had many years to wait before, later on, general recognition was heaped all over them; and each man, through all his adult life, was occupied by a full-time profession. I have become convinced that no complete understanding of either man's poetry is plausible without taking into account the duality of the life, and that the end results in the two poetries are fascinatingly different.

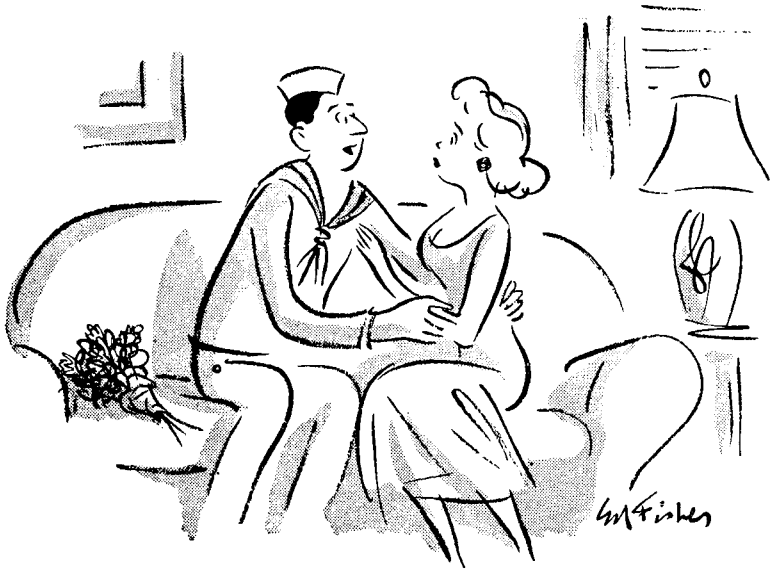
Stevens's insistence was upon a complete divorce between his poetry and his life as an insurance company lawyer and executive. Therefore he was driven to the position of erecting the imagination as "the reality"; and therefore his poetry became increasingly an exercise in esthetics. A poetry about art, a poetry about poetry: the great bulk of his work became that. As usual, time will judge it; but already it seems, granting him a handful of uniquely beautiful poems, that most of his work will fade like so much elegant embroidery in the real sun of authentic poetic necessities.

His friend William Carlos Willams, on the other hand, has never been weaned from the daily life of Rutherford. From the smallest red wheelbarrow out in the rain to the massive structure of "Paterson," Williams has sucked into all his art the Sunday-through-Saturday doings of people and place. His writing has been completely involved with his profession as a physician. This, no doubt, just came naturally. But he, as most writers do, justified it in theory. He saw it as decision for the local, the regional, and for American speech. He himself once set up one of these illuminating contrasts—and he could have used Stevens—when he said Ezra Pound wanted poetry as caviar whereas he himself wanted it as bread.

With Williams, the work is the man; if possible, the whole man. It is so, of course, with a special intimacy in these "Letters," more informally so even than in his "Autobiography," to which this book makes a companion portrait, focussed on the life through a fortuitous gathering up of the present tense. Here, you feel, is a simple man, albeit a many-sided simple man made up of not unusual proportions of vanity and arrogance, of failures and successes. He has somehow managed to look and act—indeed, to be—like any of the nicest family doctors you have ever known, little black bag in hand, in and out of his car on his daily rounds; yet all the time one of God's spies.

His many-sidedness is on full view in the "Selected Letters"—very intelligently introduced and edited (without fussiness) by Mr. Thirlwall.

Here he is, as son, writing to his mother from college in 1902: "I went to the dance . . . and I certainly was glad I had a dress suit, for every other



"Look, Miss Weaver—this has got to be what we in the armed forces call a crash program."

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fellow there had one. . . . I don't like these [*sic*] kind of dances much, because they are too formal. The people I met are too sporty for me."

As student, two years later, again to his mother: "My friend [Ezra] Pound invited me to spend Saturday and Sunday with him. . . . He, Pound, is a fine fellow; he is the essence of optimism and has a cast-iron faith that is something to admire. If he ever does get blue nobody knows it, so he is just the man for me. But not one person in a thousand likes him, and a great many detest him and why? Because he is so darned full of conceits and affectation. . . . He is afraid of being taken in if he trusts his really tender heart to mercies of a cruel crowd and so keeps it hidden and trusts no one."

As husband, 1927: "Dearest Floss: I have been absolutely heartbroken this afternoon for lack of you. Just sick with it. . . . It doesn't seem right for you to be there. If I cannot be happy I will not be separated from you."

As father, 1942, to his son William, off in the service: "That relationship between father and son is one of the toughest things in the world to break down. It seems so natural and it is natural—in fact it's inevitable—but it separates as much as it joins. A man wants to protect his son, wants to teach him the things he, the father, has learned or thinks he has learned. But it's exactly that which a child resents."

As a poet, 1916, to Amy Lowell: "I thank you again for your suggestion of a meeting but finding myself totally opposed to the spirit of what appears to be your whole purpose of life toward art I must tell you the truth: I'm not interested."

Again, in 1952, to Robert Lowell: "I'm glad you recognized my affection for Pound and saw what I intended to make known of him. He too was an orchid in my forest, he had no interest, really, for my trees, no more than did Eliot."

To Pound himself, 1956: "Don't speak of apes and Roosevelt to me—you know as much of the *implementation* of what you *think* you are proposing as one of the Wops I used to take care of on Guinea Hill. *You don't even begin to know* what the problem is. Learn to write an understandable letter before you begin to sound off. . . . Never mind, Ez, I hope we can still be friends."

One more: 1945, to Norman Macleod: "For I know that whatever my life has been it has been single in purpose, simple in design, and constantly directed to the one end . . . Poetry, an art, is what answer I have."

WORLD WAR II

—*Imperial War Museum, London.*

"Bewildering succession of life-and-death decisions."

The Road to Rome

"The Battle of Cassino," by Fred Majdalany *(Houghton Mifflin. 300 pp. $4), is an account of the six-months' Allied push up the boot of Italy to the capital. Gordon Harrison,* Detroit News *military critic and World War II Army historian, reviews it.*

By Gordon Harrison

WHAT Fred Majdalany calls "The Battle of Cassino" was actually a six-months' campaign which broke the Germans' Gustav Line and opened the road to Rome. It began with the disastrous Rapido River crossings by the U. S. 36th Division in January 1944, and ended when Gen. Mark Clark's Fifth Army entered Rome on June 4, two days before the Normandy landings permanently eclipsed the Italian theatre. Majdalany's book is an account of great undertakings, great courage, and great frustrations. It is a tale—as he tells it—of the ironies of a sideshow war, where men died out of the spotlight for reasons often not very clear to anyone.

The brooding central irony is the monastery of Monte Cassino, which the Allied air force destroyed in one of the heaviest tactical bombing attacks of the war. Mr. Majdalany argues persuasively that the bombing had to be done under the compulsions of war as they then existed. Yet he also has no doubt that the 576 tons of bombs dropped on February 15 only flushed from their sanctuary a handful of monks and a few frightened Italian refugees. The Germans never garrisoned the building, never even used it for observation. Destroying it contributed nothing to the battle stalled for so long in the valleys below. Nevertheless, the monastery, venerable and innocent, had to be destroyed. It was part and symbol of the natural fortress which the enemy exploited to the fullest. If it were not used, it might be. No commander could ask his men to put their lives in jeopardy without using every means in his power to let them win and live. So massive vandalism was carried out soberly, rationally, necessitously—and came to nothing.

That, one gathers, might almost be Mr. Majdalany's epitaph for the Italian war. He was present at Cassino as a British infantry officer and wrote a short account of his experiences published as "The Monastery" in 1946. He has done considerable research since, chiefly in British and New Zealand sources. He believed then and still believes that the fighting men in Italy were badly let down. Not surprisingly he blames the Americans, who he charges so bungled strategy as to treat the Italian theatre gratuitously as the poor relation and deprive it of just those extra military goods needed to make it a success.

The point of view has been most vigorously stated by Sir Winston Churchill. And it has been as vigorously answered many times. In this case no answer is needed because no one could offer a more convincing

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refutation than Mr. Majdalany himself, who is at his best in describing the incredible difficulties of moving anything that could fight up the horny boot of Italy. "It is a significant fact," he writes at one point after analyzing the failure of the Anzio end run to run, "that the most outspoken critics of the Italian campaign, including Churchill, never saw the battlefields." How curious that one who fought there and sees so clearly the lessons of that experience should now write in Churchillian vein of his regrets that Italy was not made a main show and jumping off place for the climactic push to beat the Russians into central Europe!

But strategy is not really Mr. Majdalany's concern. He is interested in how brave men time after time flung themselves against the all but impregnable German lines chiselled into the rocks of the Cassino mountains. Out of that situation he fashions a dramatic, smoothly written, and memorable tale. One might have been tempted to call it a great battle narrative if S. L. A. Marshall had not shown how the story of battle can be written. Majdalany working mostly from records—curiously he seems not to have consulted German records except a few prisoner diaries and letters—has had to "write up" the material, generalizing what it was like from his personal memories and creative imagination. Marshall, most notably in his Korean books, worked from material gathered immediately after battle from the participants. He could thus write what appears almost never in the written record: The real impact of battle situations on individuals, from private to general, who confronted them. Battle is seen as a bewildering succession of life-and-death decisions by people continually under test.

"The Battle of Cassino" is an impassioned book filled with angry sympathy for the forgotten soldiers of the Italian front. Yet it contains not a single name below the rank of division commander. The hero is Everyman, distinguished sometimes by nationality—Polish, American, Indian, British, New Zealander—and sometimes by unit, but never, even anonymously, by personality (except among the monks). The method permits the author a clarity and rhetorical freedom he would not have had working closer to the individual facts, and he takes full advantage to make up in pungent and imaginative commentary a part at least of what he has sacrificed in emotional immediacy. If the result is not completely satisfactory, it is an impressive literary performance.

Bou-Vivant's War

"Drive," by Col. Charles R. Codman *(Little, Brown. 335 pp. $5), is the memoir of an officer who served with Patton in Africa, Sicily, and western Europe, pieced together from letters he wrote at the time to his wife. Our reviewer, Brig. Gen. S. L. A. Marshall, was chief U.S. Army historian in the European theatre.*

By S. L. A. Marshall

LIKE the World War I memoirs of the late Col. Charles Repington, "Drive," the posthumously-published writings of the late Col. Charles R. Codman have a tone of delightful whimsy and more than occasional irrelevance.

They were written effortlessly by a man richly gifted in self-expression, accustomed to moving among charming people, with a ready ear for any anecdote and a passionate interest in great events which centered more in their byplay than their moving currents.

They will be read joyously with no strain and no afterglow of deep reflection. For many reasons, the best one being that Codman was an exciting and warm personality, who had led a story-book life, this is an unusual book.

Save that it was not intended originally to be a book, but is largely drawn from the letters Mrs. Codman received from her husband while he trooped through Africa, into Sicily, and across Western Europe at the left hand of the late Gen. George S. Patton, Jr., it might have been called: "A Bon Vivant's War." In his bon-vivant nature, great inner strength combined with outward polish and gentleness. Codman was the thoroughly "good" man. His letters reflect his great love for his wife, his intense desire that she know all that passes with him. Only one other military writer, Maj. Gen. E. L. Spears, lets himself go in this way. Yet it adds power and grace to all military discussions.

Codman was a retread. In World War I, he was first an ambulance driver, then a U.S. pilot. Wounded and shot down over Germany, he later escaped in company with James Norman Hall, to become afterwards generously decorated.

Then in the 1940s, what truly famous fortune became his! He got a job as wine taster for S. S. Pierce and romped through twenty years of sampling Europe cellar by cellar. Of that task, he kept company with lovely people, including Mrs. Codman.

Such men must invariably go back to war, if health permits. Codman entered the Air Force. His mastery of French, more than pure personal luck, won him assignment to Operation Torch, the North African invasion. He functioned at several high-level conferences. So he met Patton and Patton quite promptly preempted him from the Air Force. He stayed Patton's aide until a few days before the fatal motor accident near Heidelberg.

Reading between the lines of Codman's correspondence with his wife, one suspects that what endeared him to old Blood-and-Guts and made him the indispensable man, was not his

—*Wide World.*

General Patton—". . . that man of Mars."

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talent as a linguist, but his buoyant spirit, his at-homeness in VIP company and among cafe society, and perhaps a bit of that quality which the Scots call innerliness.

Patton, that man of Mars, would have needed one with these especial graces to lubricate his adjustment to the amenities of higher command in modern war, which are often far from martian. The story is told of Patton saying: "Codman, who are those two strange women who seem to know me better than I know myself?" "Louella Parsons and Hedda Hopper." "Never heard of them."

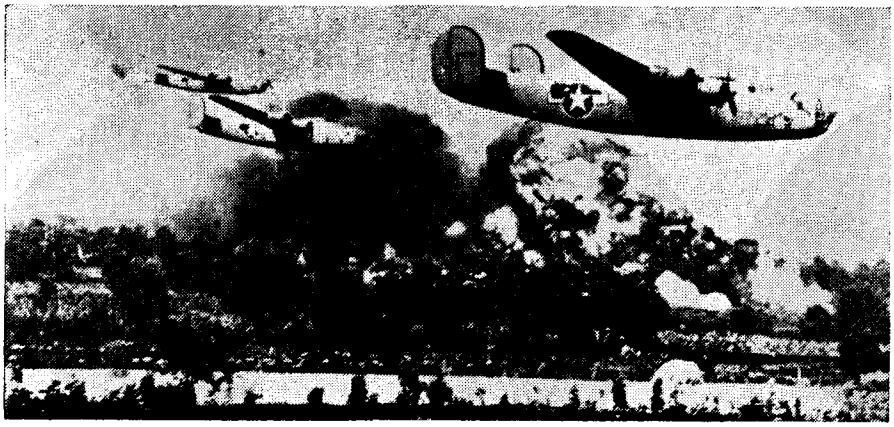
But the General broadens while fighting his war. The gallery of such people, as they enter the book to meet Patton, via Codman, would fill to overflow a king-size cocktail bar.

That is where the reader might get a disproportioned view of the heavy interlocutory duties developing upon an army commander's Friday during years of battle. There is more about the Lunts, Bob Hope, Clifton Webb, et al., than about Patton's fighting problems or his genius at inspiring frontline GI's to believe in him as their man best worth following.

For example, the "slapping incident," which continues memorable as Patton's worst rhubarb, is obliquely mentioned in about two brief sentences. This imbalance does not make Codman's correspondence less refreshing.

Rather, the dearth of any reasoned analysis of the elements in Patton's genius draws attention once more to the mystic of his character. Over and again, Codman expressed his adoration of The Man in some such sentence as this: "He is a great man and I am not unproud of being along on his party." In that complete conviction, unattended by any reasoning why, he differed not at all from others who rode in Patton's train, or were for long under his influence. There is a kind of greatness which arises from a presence and is confirmed by enthusiastic acclaim. Beyond the drive and risk-taking which characterized his generalship, Patton had that over-winning power in his personality.

Some day the definitive Patton biography will be written. The Codman book will be one of its richest sources for well-spun anecdotes and its sidelights on Patton as a human being. There is little about his generalship that is truly revealing. There is much about Codman and that is good, for as Bernard S. Carter writes in his closing tribute, "Charley was universally loved and respected by his fellow officers." In that, they couldn't have been wrong.



—*U. S. Air Force.*

B-24 bombers over Ploesti oil fields at forty-foot attitude.

Oil Was the Target

"Low-Level Mission," by Leon Wolff *(Doubleday. 240 pp. $4.50), is an account of the AAF's 1943 strike at Ploesti, Rumania, chief oil source of the Nazi war machine. Daniel B. Dodson, our reviewer, was an AAF bomber pilot in World War II.*

By Daniel B. Dodson

PLOESTI, August 1, 1943! For a whole generation of AAF personnel this combination represents a legend of confusion, fire, agony, and death which will always reverberate in memory. For at 3 p.m. on this hot summer Sunday, 163 heavy bombers, B-24s (Liberators), after flying 1,350 miles without fighter escort from Benghazi, Libya, struck this relatively obscure Rumanian city at an altitude of from twenty-five to fifty feet. A half hour later, limping, bleeding, and half-blind, the 109 aircraft which had survived turned south for the seven-hour trip home through the aroused fury of German, Rumanian, and Italian fighter-planes and flack emplacements. The climax of Leon Wolff's superb book "Low-Level Mission" recounts in detail what occurred in those searing thirty minutes, within a ring of lead a few feet above an ocean of flame.

Lt. Col. James Doolittle's raid on the Japanese mainland in 1942 supplied America with desperately needed psychological vigor but accomplished minimal material destruction. The Ploesti raid (for obvious reasons less appealing to popular imagination) fulfilled its mission, the partial demolition of the oil refineries, but the result was grotesquely ironical: within days German technicians had rebuilt the installations; Axis defenses around the city were doubled; and a surprise attack on Ploesti was never again possible. Mr. Wolff's inquiry asks the sobering question, was this pyrrhic victory a blunder?

Historical perspective has a wonderful way of cutting through the confusion of battle. The facts are now clear: oil is flammable; Ploesti produced one-third of the German war machine's oil; only England and America had bombers with enough range to strike Ploesti; high altitude bombardment in 1943 was, despite exaggerated claims, notoriously unpredictable; there existed no defensive fighter aircraft which could accompany such a mission one-half the way to the target. Was it not outrageous, then, that General Lewis Brereton should have elected (with the reluctant concurrence of his superiors right up to General Eisenhower) to mount a low-altitude, surprise attack against this vital target with the only American aircraft capable of reaching it, the B-24? The tragedy of this great undertaking was that complete surprise was never achieved.

Any bombing attack requires elaborate planning. The Ploesti raid was prepared with painstaking care. Weeks were spent training selected crews of the VIII Bomber Command to fly "on the deck" in aircraft designed for altitudes above 20,000 feet. A complete "mock-up" of Ploesti was created in the Lybian desert. Pilots, navigators, and bombardiers memo-

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rized the approaches and I.P.s (initial points for bombardment runs). But the manipulation of a vast aerial armada on split-second timing over a target 1,350 miles away is inconceivably difficult. The inevitable happened. The 98th Group, led by Col. John Kane, chose to go under a high cloud formation rather than over; time errors began to accumulate. A lead plane had to abort, and the 376th Group, now led by Col. Keith Compton and carrying the mission commander, Gen. Uzal Ent, made a wrong turn off an I.P., and the human fat was in the fire.

The purgatory these men flew through is unequalled by any other exploit in Air Force history. Delayed action bombs, timed according to the raid as originally planned, exploded in the path of tardy, successive waves of bombers. Whole squadrons flew into smoke banks to emerge as a single scorched and spectral airplane on the other side. With less than fifty feet of altitude, the remains of entire bomber groups "shuffled the deck," cleaving around flack and small arms fire, balloon cables, and the smoke stacks of the refineries they were trying to destroy. Never was a darkling plain so swept by confused alarms.

But it is not Mr. Wolff's intention to condemn. His account is critical but objective. He has used with vivid effect the best sources available, interpolated with memoirs of the men who lived through the raid. He has offered the British (night saturation bombing) and the American (daylight "pin-point" bombing) theories of aerial offensive. His prologue to Ploesti is accurate and his epilogue necessarily heartbreaking. Ploesti *had* to be, and was, finally, destroyed by successive, high-altitude attacks between April and September 1944 after bomber bases had been secured in Foggia, Italy. And we have the vindicating evidence from Goering and Speers that the lack of oil was the final decisive factor in the defeat of Germany.

"Low-Level Attack" is a remarkable feat of historical research and dramatic writing, particularly inasmuch as Mr. Wolff was a non-flying officer, serving the AAF in public relations. Perhaps it is his non-flying status that has led him into the few, minor errors I have noticed. If "by noon the first of five hundred planes had thundered down the runway" from Foggia, they would not go over "Ploesti flying into the rising sun." And it is a little discouraging to see the old performance myths perpetuated. The speed of the B-24 and of

(*Continued on page* 35)

FICTION

Summer of Innocence

***"Dandelion Wine," by Ray Bradbury** (Doubleday. 281 pp. $3.95), is a fictional evocation of an Illinois summer three decades ago, when some of us were growing up.*

By Robert O. Bowen

RAY BRADBURY'S latest is neither a novel nor a collection of short stories. "Dandelion Wine" is an evocation of summer 1928, in Green Town, Ill. The story moseys along elmed and mapled streets, pauses a while to let Grandfather and the Douglas boys put up the porch swing, pokes around Leo Auffmann's Happiness Machine long enough to settle that problem, and even takes a grim look down into the ravine where The Lonely One has occasionally strangled unescorted women on late summer evenings. Mostly the story belongs to Paul and Tom Douglas, ten and twelve, who live the season with all the reverence and bounce that boys have for their world.

Much of "Dandelion Wine" is set quite straightforwardly as ritual. Grandfather Douglas wakes smiling to the ritual of Mowing the Lawn carried out beneath his bedroom window. Paul Douglas ritualistically laces on fresh sneakers to leap and run the summer long. There is Beating The Rugs, The Last Trolley Ride, and richest of all, Bottling the Dandelion Wine. Sentimental perhaps. More likely these are the valid product of a poetic imagination, for the book contains both the sadness of death and the joy of life. No other writer since Mark Twain has caught the vitality and innocence of small-town American youth with as fine and mature a perception as Ray Bradbury's.

—*Bunny Adler.*

Ray Bradbury—"mature perception."

Beyond this he has chronicled that final tender year of America's youth before the disillusion of The Great Depression and World War II and The Univac Age. He calls back a time now obscured by the inverted sentimentalities of Fitzgerald and Dos Passos. For in the late Twenties much of America did live in an aura of peace and harvest. Families listened together to the Victrola over ice cream; children, parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents did house happily together; and growing boys did love their mothers and respect their elders. As a document alone "Dandelion Wine" is valuable since no other writer of real repute has elected to handle the period according to the terms of its own optimistic truth.

Bradbury's clean colloquial rhythms and rich metaphor place him as a major prose stylist. In a broad sense the metaphor operates in his highly stylized manner of organizing material. The rituals mentioned above are presented as rituals, though they move with all the naturalness of a summer season. Again, his boys perceive in a highly ritualistic sense that old Colonel Freeleigh is a Time Machine and can carry them back with him to The Civil War. The success of such major metaphor, of course, depends upon the minor metaphor, and this is Bradbury's most easily demonstrated virtue. He notes "the harping wires" of a carpet beater, hears gossiping "ladies whispering in a tide." Not a little of the fineness here is that these figures are intended to be read rather than worked as puzzles.

"Dandelion Wine" is that rare item in the book world: a work of real literary merit that a critic can admire and the general reader will love.

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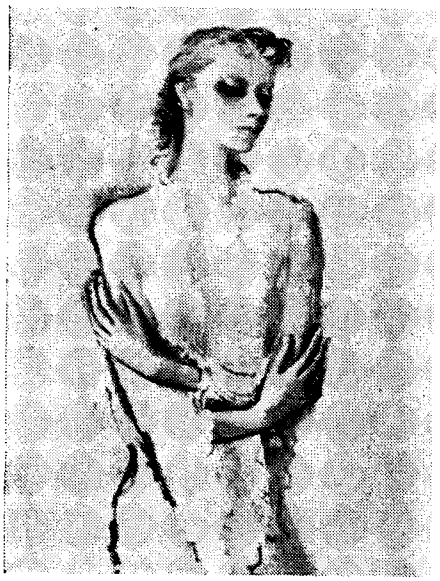

—By John Carroll for the jacket of "Angel."

Angel—"captivated simple people."

Queen of Romance

***"Angel," by Elizabeth Taylor** (Viking. 252 pp. $3.50), is the story of a flamboyant English lady novelist of the more adolescent years of this century.*

By Rosemary C. Benét

READERS who like to put real names on fictional characters will have a fine time identifying the "Angel" of Elizabeth Taylor's new novel with one of several possible Edwardian prototypes. It is interesting that the usual disclaimer about not relating to persons living or dead does *not* preface her story. What best-selling English lady novelist who wrote a generation or so ago made a failure of her life but had a phenomenal success writing purple and pretentious prose?

It is fun to speculate about this, but my feeling is that however identifiable she seems, Angel ends by being a composite, very much Mrs. Taylor's own creation. As a matter of fact, nothing could have annoyed and irritated Angel more than such a speculation. So sure was she of her literary niche, so steeped in arrogance and egotism, that even to be compared to another writer would have outraged her. She was annoyed, for instance, when someone spoke of reading *one* of her books because "she always supposed everyone had read all of her books and had them nearly by heart, thought about them endlessly, waited impatiently for the next to appear."

Angel was born Angelica Deverell (it's too good a name to be true, said her first publisher). Her birthdate was around 1885 and she lived in Norley, a dreary old town where her widowed mother ran a grocery store. Her aunt was lady's maid at Paradise House, a big estate nearby. Angel felt herself misunderstood by everyone, family and friends. Retreating more and more into a world of romantic, adolescent fantasy, smarting after a debacle at school, she decides to put her dream world down on paper. Since she is convinced from the start that she will make a great success, she is not at all surprised when just that happens. Willy Brace of Gilbright & Brace, who got her first opus "The Lady Irania," after it had been turned down by other publishers, laughed over the manuscript, mocked at it, did imitations of it at parties. His partner, Theo Gilbright, thought there *might* be something in it. They were both surprised when the author of this overwritten piece of foolishness, considered naughty and daring in 1900, turned out to be a fifteen-year-old girl.

"She writes like a servant girl," said her publisher's wife. (She liked to write about dukes and duchesses, castles and moonlit terraces, but she had champagne opened with a corkscrew. "What does that matter?" asked her loyal publisher.) The critics lampooned one novel after another. "The more they laughed, the longer were the queues for her novels at the libraries. The power of her romanticism captivated simple people; her preposterous situations delighted the sophisticated; her burning indignation . . . swayed some readers into solemn agreement and others into paroxysms of laughter."

Her great acquisitiveness brought her material benefits, including, of course, Paradise House, which had played a part in her early fancies, but she achieved no personal happiness. Her one great love—she became Angelica Howe-Nevinson—turned out to be a travesty and her false pride and lack of humor cut her off from most human contacts. Though she is a monster of egotism, in the end we feel sorry for her—which is a tribute to Miss Taylor's art.

It is amusing to think how different the Deverell and Taylor prose styles are: the contrast between the one described and the one here present, Angel's flamboyant pomposities and Mrs. Taylor's quiet but devastating precision.

At first I thought Angel was overdrawn, for she is thoroughly exasperating and has not one redeeming quality, being "eccentric, implacable, and self-absorbed." But as one reads, one becomes more and more convinced that Angel would be just that way. An incredible character made credible. A neat piece of literary surgery, done with meticulous care. But don't be misled by Miss Taylor's quietness. This is a devastatingly effective portrait, and Angel's identity should stir up controversy on both sides of the water.

Itching Feet

***"On the Road" by Jack Kerouac** (Viking. 310 pp. $3.95), is an experimental novel about a generation of thrill-seeking hitchhikers.*

By Carlos Baker

THE seeing eye of Jack Kerouac's second novel "On the Road" is a young novelist named Salvatore Paradise who is filled with transcontinental dreams, will do anything for "kicks," has evidently read "The Adventures of Augie March" and "A Walk on the Wild Side," attends Columbia College, has a book partly done, and lives with his aunt in Paterson, N. J.

But Sal is restless. By page 37, he has reached Denver, 3200 miles from Paterson, and is staying with another writer named Roland Major, who lives in a "really swank apartment" belonging to someone else (all the artifacts in this book belong to someone else), and enjoys fine wines "just like Hemingway." Roland is an all-right fellow but Sal really takes to the wild ones: a poet named Carlo Marx and a "saint" named Dean Moriarty who is simultaneously servicing two girls named Marylou and Camille. They really dig Denver, these "fine gone daddies," and after they are through digging Denver, they dig the old mining town called Central City where the two girls Babe and Betty cook them up a fine snack of franks and beans and they have a wonderful beer party with bottles rolling all over the floor. Next day Sal walks around Denver, but it is no good any more. "Beyond the glittering street was darkness, and beyond the darkness the West. I had to go."

In Frisco, Sal moves in with his friend Remi Boncoeur who inhabits a shack with a girl named Lee Ann who cooks Remi snacks of brains and eggs and lamb curry. One hot Sunday Sal sits up on a mountain among the

(*Continued on page* 32)

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The Twain Met

"Bridge to the Sun," by Gwen Terasaki *(University of North Carolina Press. 260 pp. $3.50), is the autobiography of an American woman who married a high Japanese foreign officer and lived with him in Japan through the war and the Occupation. Lucy Herndon Crockett, our reviewer, is the author of "Popcorn on the Ginza."*

By Lucy Herndon Crockett

WHAT WAS it like, as the American wife of a high Japanese foreign official before and during World War II?

"Bridge to the Sun," a book written with utmost charm and simplicity, not only answers this question in terms of deep love and dual loyalty, but also presents a unique revelation of certain Japanese maneuvers in Washington just prior to December 7, 1941, plus a rare picture of life in Japan during the war years. As a post-mortem on behind-the-scenes circumstances leading up to World War II, and an appraisal of that nation's activities, this book is no less authoritative for the intensely personal, wholly unpretentious approach of the author.

Gwendolyn Harold of Johnson City, Tenn., in 1931 married handsome, aristocratic Hidenari Terasaki, career foreign officer assigned to the Japanese embassy in Washington, after considerable soul-searching on the advisability of such an unorthodox union. That the marriage worked out so happily was in part due, the reader will suspect, to her determination to sublimate herself into her husband's problems and people. They had one child, a talented daughter. The first part of "Bridge to the Sun" is Gwen Terasaki's account of their prewar life on diplomatic assignments, mostly in the Orient. In a style relaxed but never prolix she writes as delightfully in one paragraph about family incidents as she does pertinently in the next about growing tensions of the day.

Her husband represented a sincerely liberal element in Japan that favored friendship with the United States and was appalled by the aggressive aspirations of the increasingly powerful militarist clique. Theirs was a lost cause. Mrs. Terasaki notes that Prince Konoye repeatedly asked President Roosevelt to meet him in the Pacific, on American soil, to work out a settlement, but on October 18, 1941, as the negotiations dragged along, Konoye's cabinet fell to Tojo. That summer Terasaki had been sent to Washington with the secret mission of helping Admiral-Ambassador Nomura do everything possible to patch up U.S.-Japanese relations.

Here Gwen Terasaki has a strange tale to tell—of a desperate, eleventh-hour effort on the part of her husband and Nomura (uninformed of Tojo's plans but deeply apprehensive) to get President Roosevelt to send a personal message direct to Hirohito; the Emperor's prestige was great enough to curb any rash act of aggression. Roosevelt agreed on December 3 to send the message, but felt that it should be channelled through Joseph C. Grew in Tokyo; somehow the message was not sent until December 5. "What could have happened to it, I wondered," Mrs. Terasaki writes of that two-day interim. "Oh, God, what could have happened to it?" Years later the Emperor told her husband that if he had received the message one day sooner, he could still have called off the attack on Pearl Harbor.

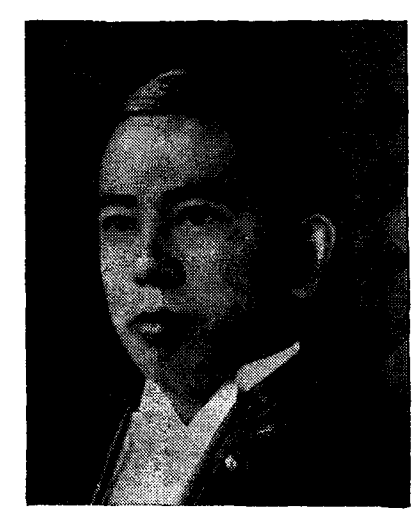
Mrs. Terasaki chose to be interned and repatriated to Japan with her husband and child. There followed the war years of moving from one makeshift home to another as Allied raids put any sort of dwelling at a premium, years of sickness, near-starvation, and despair. When one reads Mrs. Terasaki's dispassionate account of their physical struggles it is difficult to imagine this cultured American diplomatic wife wearing the baggy *mompei* of Japanese working women, cooking rice in the open with twigs and leaves for fuel ("a crude stove was all we had, and on rainy days cooking was a heartbreaking chore . . ."), gratefully welcoming the first ration of horsemeat, struggling on foot across Toyko under a rucksack heavy with food (and charcoal to cook it) for her husband sick in the hospital.

With the end of the war came a return in some measure to life among the top brass. Mr. Terasaki was appointed official liaison to advise the Emperor and meet with him and MacArthur. All that Gwen Terasaki writes about the wartime attitude of the Japanese towards her as an American in their midst, their postwar dis-

(*Continued on page* 34)

Mariko Terasaki (1938).

Gwen Terasaki (1957)



Hidenari Terasaki (1930).

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WOODROW WILSON

Portrait of a Complex Man

"Woodrow Wilson: A Biography," by Silas Bent McKinley *(Praeger. 284 pp. $4.50), is a new attempt to record and evaluate the record of the twenty-eighth President. John D. Hicks, our reviewer, is professor of history at the University of California, Berkeley.*

By John D. Hicks

AT LAST we have a biographer of Woodrow Wilson who can write of the twenty-eighth President without the intense emotional involvement that most of his predecessors have shown. Perhaps Silas Bent McKinley's legal training has acted as a restraining influence; or perhaps the flight of time has finally begun to cool off old ardors and antagonisms. Whatever the reasons, Dr. McKinley finds nothing to get inordinately excited about in Wilson's faith in God and his faith in man; or in his eager ambitions and his strong sense of mission; or in his notable successes and his equally notable failures. Obviously the purpose of his "Woodrow Wilson: A Biography" is not so much to praise or condemn as to record and evaluate.

This book, like many of Wilson's own, is a book written out of books. The author makes no pretense of deep original research. He has relied on the memoirs of Wilson's associates, on Wilson's own printed writings, and on such biographic studies as those of Baker, Dodd, White, Bailey, and Link. He has not lacked for material, for the amount already written on Wilson and his times is staggering. McKinley has made it his task to find a clear path through all this writing and research. The result is a short book: one in which the narrative moves along rapidly; one in which details that might confuse the reader are shoved ruthlessly aside; a book for the layman rather than for the expert.

With greater wisdom than some writers on Wilson, McKinley does not essay the role of psychoanalyst. Wilson was brought up to be and became a devout Presbyterian predestinarian, he delighted in the company of women, he thought that he possessed a first-rate mind, he believed in his opinions to the point of obstinacy, and he sought with great earnestness to implement his ideas with action. One chapter on "The Dynamic Development of Wilson's Mind" says about all that anyone can say on this subject without indulging in flights of the imagination. Happily, Dr. McKinley chooses to keep his feet firmly on the ground.

McKinley gives Wilson due credit for his achievements as scholar, educator, governor, and President. Without the firm use of Presidential power Wilson could hardly have achieved the lowering of the tariff, the reform of the banking system, and the better regulation of monopolistic corporations. He demonstrated his capacity for leadership no less in time of war than in time of peace, and he failed to achieve his dream of a League of Nations in no small part because he was ahead of his times.

McKinley does not criticize Wilson as much, perhaps, as he deserves for promoting the idea that the United States entered World War I as the "disinterested champion of right." Had the American people realized, as most of Wilson's advisers certainly did, that they were fighting primarily to defend their own national interests, they would have felt less disenchantment when they discovered that the war had neither ended war nor made the world safe for democracy. Filled with elusive hopes, they expected the impossible, although what they had achieved was not inconsiderable. They had made the world for at least two more decades safe for the United States. At Paris Wilson probably accomplished all that any liberal could have accomplished. He stood alone against conservative forces too great for any one man to conquer.

Quite correctly, McKinley features Wilson's health as a dominant factor in his decline and fall. He was already on the downgrade physically by October 1918, and after his illness in Paris he was never the same man again. His crack-up during the fight with the Senate on the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles completely ended his usefulness as President. What Wilson might have achieved had he remained in full physical and mental vigor throughout his second term we shall never know. But the lesson is there far too plain to be ignored. The United States simply cannot afford to have a sick man as President.

—From *"The American Past"* *(Simon & Schuster).*

"Take My Lantern. You need it More Than I Do."

PSYCHOANALYZING WILSON: A bold attempt to analyze the enigmatic character of Woodrow Wilson in terms of recent psychological theories of personality and leadership is made in a stimulating new book, **"Woodrow Wilson and Colonel House: A Personality Study,"** by Alexander L. George and Juliette L. George (John Day, $6). The authors believe that because of a repressed boyhood, Wilson had a compulsive urge to power and accomplishment which he channeled into reform efforts in education and government that accorded with the high moral standards and ideals of his deeply religious nature. Thrice in his career this compulsion and the autocratic efforts that stemmed from it got him into trouble, the final disaster being his failure to win American acceptance of the League of Nations. The authors suggest that he broke with House in 1919 because House abandoned his old habit of praising Wilson and criticized Wilson's uncompromising tactics at the Paris Peace Conference. The difficulty of fathoming the subconscious mind of a historical personage is obvious, but this discerning, thoroughly researched, and well-written demonstration of the historical uses of dynamic psychology may well have a lasting effect on Wilsonian biography.

—HAL BRIDGES.

DULY NOTED: "The Greatness of Woodrow Wilson," edited by Em Bowles Alsop (Rinehart, $3.95), is a collection of essays by eighteen different writers whose names read like a Who's Who in scholarship, journalism, and international politics. Among them are Virginius Dabney, Walter Lippmann, Ralph McGill, and Claude G. Bowers. An interesting, informative introduction to Wilson. —H. B.

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View from the Sea

Aboard the S. S. Semiramis,
Aegean Sea.

THE best way to have some idea of the vastness of the ancient world is to explore it by surface transportation, especially by boat. Day after day, your ship plies the seemingly limitless expanse of water surrounding the Greek islands. The mountainous land masses repeat themselves endlessly and frame the horizon. It is easy to see why the Greek literature of the early period had such a cosmic air about it, why their world seemed to the Greeks to be wrought on the grand scale. This sense of the epic comes to life in the classical Greek drama performed at the Athens Festival this summer in the shadow of the Acropolis.

From the vantage ground of the twentieth century, early Greece is seen as something of a microcosm—a magnificent microcosm, true, but a microcosm nonetheless. It seems astonishing to the modern mind that so much historical splendor and tragedy should have been compressed within so tiny an area. The outpouring of genius in philosophy, poetry, art, architecture, and political science seems out of all proportion to the number of people involved and their physical reach. Yet the mystery is dissolved when you immerse yourself in the grandeur of the natural setting. For this sea and these islands are the perfect background for creating men and art in the heroic mold. The Greeks did not have to think and act beyond their means to produce works of timeless and boundless sweep. They did not have to create an environment; they had merely to reflect it.

The question growing out of this, quite naturally, is why the splendor should ever have ceased, why it should not have been as perpetual as it was universal. The answer is that the early Greeks, for all their sense of order and their pursuit of the rational, had never mastered the art of operating a society at its largest. They were never able to solve the problem represented by the collisions between the city-states themselves. The highest talents were not turned to the highest needs. The imaginative genius of the Greeks did not extend to the creation of a form for the whole.

True, there were various attempts, such as the Amphictyonic League, to create an ordered society out of the many units that made up the Greek world; but these attempts failed because the units clung to unfettered sovereignty. The Greeks staked their lives on the ultimate importance of the city-state unit—and they lost. On those occasions when they united against the outsider, they fashioned a powerful military machine in the common defense. But they lacked the historical follow-through that might have enabled them to create a design for peaceful living among themselves. "They would not give up their centuries-old feuds and their dislike of each other's ways," writes Edith Hamilton in her magnificent new book "The Echo of Greece." They rejected the one big idea that might have saved freedom and civilization in Greece.

To be a Greek citizen was an honor which carried profound intellectual and emotional meaning for the individual. But there was an even more important badge of identification: the particular city-state to which the individual belonged. And when Greece slipped from her pinnacle it was not because she was hauled down but because she lacked a unifying idea. The anarchy within drained her vital energies.

What about the leading artists and thinkers of the period? Though they engaged in systematic thought about political philosophy, very few of them apart from Isocrates battled for the genuine unification of their own world. The impression persists that too many of them were disdainful of activity in the arena of living issues. They pursued perfection in everything except the man-made environment at its largest. Nor did they see, apparently, the connection between the health of their total society and the conditions under which they themselves could function.

One of the inevitable byproducts of the Peloponnesian Wars was the pillorying of the philosophers. A nation which is insecure has a tendency to turn on its intellectuals. In Athens, men like Diagoras, Anaxagoras, Protagoras, and Socrates—to list only a few—were put to the wall. Professor E. R. Dodds in his "The Greeks and the Irrational" comments: "The evidence we have is more than enough to prove that the Great Age of Enlightenment was also, like our own time, an Age of Persecution—banishment of scholars, blinkering of thought. . . . If we allow for the fact that wars cast their shadows before them and leave emotional disturbances behind them, the Age of Persecution coincides pretty closely with the longest and most disastrous war in Greek history. The coincidence is hardly accidental." Thus the poet who accepted no responsibility save to his own art shared in the responsibility for the destruction of that art.

In many ways, the world of the ancient Greeks was much larger than is the entire globe today with all its continents and oceans. For it took more time then to sail from one Greek island to another than it does today to circle the world. And just announced today is a ballistic missile that will span the Atlantic in less time than it took a ship to ease into the Piraeus harbor 2,300 years ago. And built into the nose of the modern war missile will be a single explosive that can destroy a city the size of Athens many times over.

Meanwhile, the challenge to the peoples of today's world is exactly the same as it was then: namely, how to emerge from the cocoon of primitive national sovereignties and recognize our larger obligations to each other.

—N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

COLLECTOR'S COMPLAINT

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH (*SR* Aug. 17) refers to collectors' licenses as being "rather freely granted and sometimes permitting the holder to shoot almost anything almost anywhere and at anytime." He evidently has never attempted to secure such a license. Unfortunately, because of sentimentalists and misguided animal "lovers," the obtaining of scientific collecting licenses and the collecting itself have been made so difficult that worthwhile research has been hindered.

ROBERT G. WOLK.

Ithaca, N. Y.

MAN NOT A CARNIVORE

I AGREE WITH Anthony that, historically, most of the human race have been predators, but that they are biologically so I dispute. A leading zoologist should discern that man is not equipped by nature for a life of predatoriness. The absence of claws, teeth appropriate for tearing and rending his prey, and all other equipment of the normally predatory beast should have caused Anthony to hesitate about placing man in the biologically predatory class. Why not leave him, biologically, where he belongs: with the Primates? He does not possess a single anatomical and physiological feature that places him, constitutionally, in the order Carnivora.

HERBERT M. SHELTON.

San Antonio, Tex.

WHAT BETTER TRANQUILIZER?

WHY IS THERE an inconsistency in cherishing a dog for many years, and going out every fall to shoot an equally beautiful deer? Could it be a question of control? The gamboling dog that was such a delight to us yesterday is running away today and must be stopped. The happy mutt that greeted us so enthusiastically a moment ago must be punished for jumping on people. The deer who thoughtlessly bounds across a Vermont back road when you're making a tiring Friday night trip from New York is a pest. What better tranquilizer than a rifle?

ROBERT ANDERSON.

New York, N. Y.

OUR RESPONSIBILITY

I FEEL THAT we have a responsibility to preserve and protect life wherever we find it, and to alleviate suffering not only among humans but also among the other animals.

CAROLYN PAINE.

Jackson, Miss.

OLD-HAT VALUES

ANTHONY IS A more effective anti-sportsman than Krutch himself. For he cannot muster a single argument that is both logical and moral. "That a basic inconsistency underlies the shooting game is perfectly apparent," he wrote. "No one will deny that there is an inconsistency in cherishing a beautiful dog for many years, and going out every fall to shoot an equally beautiful deer." To which he adds, with an unbecoming resignation, "but so far as we know, there is no escape from the tension of inconsistencies of which life consists."

There was a time when men rejected inconsistencies in a brave hope, however vain, of finding those absolute values which have become today, along with men like Krutch, old-hat.

MONROE BUSH.

Washington, D. C.

"I've been looking over the Trendex ratings of the Khrushchev interview, Regsby, and I think we've finally got an answer to the 'spot-opposite-Perry Como' problem!"

KEENEST PLEASURE

I AM ONE OF the Evil Ones. I am one of the Spirits that Deny. I accept the election in all humbleness. I enjoy hunting. Call it atavism, blood lust, or unGodliness, I have hunted for over fifty years. I not only delight in the breathless stalk of wary game, I relish every moment of the tense expectation when the blind is in darkness and the birds are whistling overhead before the day's shooting begins. My keenest pleasure has been in the field.

CLARK C. VAN FLEET.

Lakeport, Calif.

PICKING WILDFLOWERS

THIS STRANGE dementia of "It's a lovely day; let's go kill something" needs study. Being a recognized naturalist, in my simple fashion, I can hazard a guess that about half the people feel as Krutch (and I) do. I even remonstrate with people about picking all the wildflowers they see.

LAURENS C. BOLLES.

Albuquerque, N. M.

EARLY CONVERT

FROM HIS TIMID defense of the Sportsman, I suspect that Anthony may be an early convert to Krutch's side.

CLINTON E. BALMER.

Lynchburg, Va.

ELECTRONIC SPORT?

ACCORDING TO the latest report of the Fish and Wildlife Service of the Department of the Interior the nation's migratory birds, especially ducks and geese, are fast becoming victims of what might be called hi-fi hunters. Federal officials claim it is not uncommon for a flight of 2,000 birds to hover over a blind equipped with an electronic call-maker. Sport?

JACK L. WEINBERG.

Hartford, Conn.

EXPURGATED "TROPICS"

HENRY MILLER'S "TROPICS" (*SR* Aug. 3) are no less forceful now than they were when he wrote them. They are, unhappily, unavailable, and it might be a good idea to bring out an expurgated edition of the two books. They would lose a number of passages of great power and beauty, but they would still provide an experience of far more worth than most of our modern "prose."

WILL KIRKMAN.

New York, N. Y.

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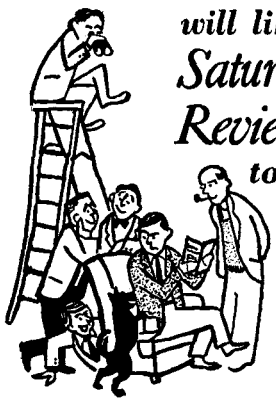

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Home Cooking

ANYONE who is just a little bit irked by the ever-tightening spiral of our theatre's compulsion to be fashionably dramatic will be considerably refreshed by Langston Hughes's new musical play, **"Simply Heavenly."** Instead of assaulting our nervous system and our psyche, this crudely-joined comedy simply wanders along naturally through the paradoxes and local color of everyday existence in Harlem. As in life, the urgency of the tale is never so great that there isn't time for a look at sideshow curiosities. And David Martin's catchy and uncomplicated songs casually decorate the story rather than explode into production numbers.

Why do these qualities, which might ordinarily be classed as defects, now seem virtues? Perhaps it is because Mr. Hughes has caught the spirit and truth of Harlem life so affectionately and with so much humor and compassion. He begins with Jesse B. Simple, a likable young man in love with a pretty but terribly proper girl. Simple's struggle to straighten out this romance merely requires a little will-power and self-discipline. If there is any message it is just that there are certain times in life when one must stop drifting and get back on course.

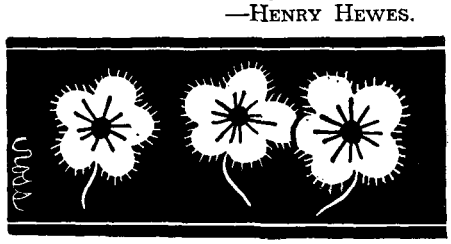
This natural plot serves as a washline from which Mr. Hughes can hang his sketches of Harlem types. There is Mamie, the good old girl who takes care of herself and who looks at money and sex with an uproariously practical eye. There is her foil and would-be-lover, "Watermelon," who likes to fancy himself as a man of irresistible charm despite his shabby appearance. There is Zarita, a party girl who lives only for kicks; Bodiddly, a cocky little husband with a frog-shaped wife; and many others whom you might find on Lenox Avenue any night of the week. Mr. Hughes puts himself into the play as a writer who sits around the bar quietly recording his observations, goodheartedly helping Simple to understand his problems.

By sticking to accurate observation, Mr. Hughes, who is a sort of Harlem O'Casey, is able to show us the marvelous sense of humor the Negro has developed in order to enjoy life in a society that discriminates against him. He introduces an absurdly formal character to ridicule the notion that the Negro's lot can be improved by imitation of white upper-class manners. Even "correct" grammar that does not grow happily in one's daily environment is abjured, when Simple asks, "What do you want me to talk like, Edward R. MurROW?" And near the end of the play Mr. Hughes gives us an audacious parody, in which Simple enacts his relish at the thought of being in World War III as a colored general commanding white troops from Mississippi. As he goes off blissfully with his illusion, Mamie shakes her head and comments, "Do you know something? That's a sick boy." It's a laugh that cuts deep into the heart of the matter.

A great deal of the humor is intraracial. "Ain't it a shame the deal a good woman gets when she goes to bed too early!" is sophisticated wit in colloquial dress. Some may complain that "Simply Heavenly" insults Negroes by presenting them as semi-illiterate, undisciplined, and immoral, but it also reveals Harlem society as a widely differentiated group of human beings with the same desires and idiosyncracies as anyone else, but with a somewhat superior capacity to be practical about their situation and to joke at their own expense.

Melvin Stewart is disarmingly forthright as Simple. In the role of Mamie, Claudia McNeil seems at first glance to be a carbon copy of Pearl Bailey. However, in actuality she is acting the character closer to the marrow than the well-known star usually does. Thus, when she is called upon to sing "Did You Ever Hear the Blues?" she becomes intensely moving. Indeed, it is one of those memorable hushed moments in which everyone joins in a recognition of the human condition. The rest of the cast is ingratiatingly natural, which makes up for any lack in technical proficiency. For "Simply Heavenly," though no work of art or piece of polished professional work, somehow adds up to the best good time I've had in the theatre all year.

—HENRY HEWES.



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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Pass the Salt, Please

IT IS fairly likely that Hemingway's **"The Sun Also Rises"** would have been turned into a movie long before this if someone had been able to figure out some delicate substitute for what ailed Jake Barnes in the book. Presumably the problem was too difficult. But times have changed, and it remained for Darryl Zanuck to solve the problem. Zanuck, who has seldom hesitated to be forthright, so far as delicate matters are concerned (*viz.* "Gentleman's Agreement," "Pinky," "Island in the Sun") has simply called a spade a spade. Where Hemingway was content to infer that Jake Barnes had lost his capacity for the sexual act as a result of a war wound (thus tangibly adding to the atmosphere of futility surrounding his "lost generation" people) Zanuck has built in a scene in which both Jake Barnes and the audience learn that he is impotent. To make sure there is no mistake, the doctor repeats the word, clearly. One has the sense of a historical occasion.

Not quite so much of a historical occasion is the film achievement itself, a CinemaScope treatment in typical Zanuck terms of the events of the story. When I say typical Zanuck, I mean he has spent a lot of money, assembled a large, expensive cast, and fitted out his sets lavishly. The result is, at times, interesting, and there is even a curious nostalgia that is evoked as one hears the Hemingway dialogue and those familiar names of the 'Twenties—Robert Cohn, Brett Ashley, and Mike Campbell.

Jake Barnes is played by Tyrone Power, who isn't bad, but who at the same time takes his cosmic futility so seriously that his performance seems quite spiritless. Ava Gardner as Brett Ashley is not bad either, although one of the casting games of the season (the casting game is played by substituting your own actors for those who appear) will be devoted to who could have played Lady Brett better: June Allyson, Joan Crawford, Esther Williams? In other words, who *is* there these days? Miss Gardner seems to enjoy her role as a lady turned alcoholic and nymph because things are so impossible with Jake, and since lack of expression is necessary to give the proper flatness to the Hemingway lines Ava does quite well with them. Mel Ferrer is his usual stiff but not unpleasant self as Robert Cohn, the Princeton man who makes up for his feelings of inferiority by becoming a clever boxer, and Eddie Albert is fine as Bill Gorton, the novelist friend of Jake Barnes.

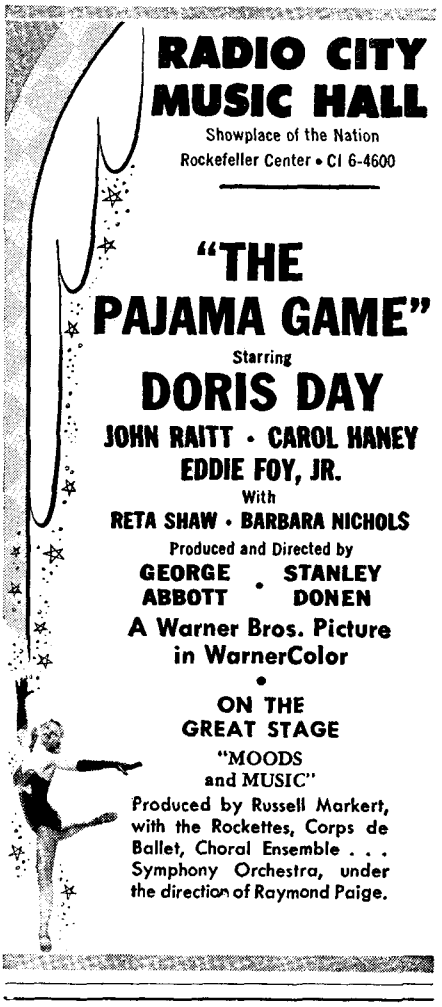
But the best and most surprising performance is given by Errol Flynn, as Mike Campbell, the Scottish chap of excellent lineage but no assets. Flynn just about runs off with the picture. The scenes in Pamplona, during the yearly running of the bulls, are the best, not only because they are splendidly photographed but because Flynn is on the scene much of the time. He looks right, he acts right, and Papa Hemingway himself ought to be mighty proud of him. What is missing from the movie, however, is the atmosphere. These were the Twenties, after all, and people behaved differently in the Twenties, at least in Paris and Spain.

This sense of difference, of another time, is never quite captured. The flavor is missing, as though in cooking someone had left out the salt. Zanuck and his staff (including Henry King, the director, and Peter Viertel, the adaptor) have tried hard, been surprisingly faithful to the original, and perhaps all that was needed was more precise casting and a more delicate touch.

* * *

What makes Joan Crawford choose the stories she does we will probably never know, but here she has gone and gotten herself mixed up with another sourmash called **"The Golden Virgin,"** in which she plays, not a virgin, but a rich lady who adopts a deaf-and-dumb orphan (the affliction is psychological) and then proceeds to allow the girl to be exploited all over this country and Europe, evoking pity and dollars for her plight. Rossano Brazzi is the husband of Miss Crawford. This nefarious scoundrel has deluded his wife, and not satisfied with making a fortune as the orphan's manager he rapes the girl one night, thus precipitating a sequence of events in which the girl regains her sight and hearing and attempts to commit suicide. Miss Crawford shoots Brazzi. She then shoots herself, ending Chapter XLVIII of The Crawford Ordeals. (Then Joan pulls herself together, bids goodbye to the set and her fellow-actors, and drives home to Beverly Hills to count her change.)

—HOLLIS ALPERT.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TV AND RADIO

What We're Up To

AS IF TO answer in advance my concern about the epidemic of Westerns, *The New York Times* printed recently a letter from William Hazlitt Brennan in defense of the form. Mr. Brennan is one of the writers of "The Wyatt Earp Show," which is on the side of the law and is generally considered to be among the better Westerns.

What Mr. Brennan has to say about the type isn't too important; what he says about critics is significant, but perhaps not exactly in the way he meant it to be. "I be doggone," he says, this being a folksy letter, "if I can understand why so many television critics are jumping on TV Westerns. They don't actually jump on Westerns with spurred boots. . . . They have adopted the subtle approach known as the how-can-people-be-so-stupid gambit."

He then explains the popularity of the Westerns by suggesting that people are tired of Freudian case histories. The Common Man prefers the straight "bad man" character of the Westerns to the bad guy who "a hundred writers are busy assuring us . . . is a mere victim of life" (his mama "slapped him when he was a child; his daddy took to drink; society was mean to him when he grew up"). The mass audience, which has "a wonderful sense of smell," is "sickened by the pervading odor of unmoral, cowardly, and cynical 'realism' offered as entertainment . . ." Interest in the Western indicates "a wholesome rebellion against the moral anarchy of our times," whereas "poking fun at horse operas—and some of them deserve it—can quickly degenerate into high-brow snobbism." What's more, all the praise lavished on "High Noon" was wrongheaded because that picture wasn't true to the facts of frontier life (and, besides, Gary Cooper threw his sheriff's star in the dust).

About the critics' approach to Westerns I believe this much is true: we usually denounce those Mr. Brennan generously admits may deserve contempt and are only a little more indulgent to those of the middle order. I do not think we are against all Westerns. What we are against is all TV programs being *either* Westerns *or* intellectually undifferentiated from Westerns.

Mr. Brennan thinks otherwise: "As an old ex-critic, laddies, I know what you're up against. You've got to keep TV from being enjoyed by mass audiences. You've got to worry the sponsors, exacerbate the ulcers of Madison Avenue, and make TV producers miserable. Down with the TV Western! Up with borscht-circuit humor and bring on the ballet."

This is sheer nonsense, but I urge every critic of television to take it to heart. It does represent what many people in the industry *think* the critics are trying to do. What we are really trying to do (apart from holding down our jobs) is to instruct public taste. I know this sounds prissy as hell, but I also know that that is what we are doing—and trying to improve public taste as well, making it dissatisfied with the phony and the second-rate, giving it some reason to believe that other and maybe better things can be had—for the asking. What's more, in devious ways we've been effective. Part of the improvement in the quality of pictures and programs can be traced to us critics. We have been something like the Federal Pure Food and Drug squad and I see no reason to be ashamed of it. Nasty nostrums are still sold, but some of the nastiest have been pushed out of the market.

BUT the main reason we critics should pay attention to Mr. Brennan and the people of whom he is representative is this: perhaps the time has come for us to do something more. We've got to continue our sniping at the occasional enemy, but perhaps our big guns should be trained elsewhere. We have been trying to keep the audience from being corrupted by inferior goods, but maybe we can assume that a great deal of what is now offered is pure enough—and we should begin to ask that it develop other, more positive qualities. Maybe we can now approach the audience directly and improve the quality of entertainment by creating audience demand directly. This is a little idealistic, but I have a hunch it can be made practical.

In the matter of Westerns, for instance, the basic criticism is that while some of them are foolish, and some intelligent and exciting, there are just too many of them. The fact that each one draws an audience sufficient for a sponsor to pay the bill doesn't alter the case. There are too many because television cannot continue forever to leave other interests unsatisfied. That's all. We just want to protect TV from itself. —GILBERT SELDES.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

INTERWOVEN INTERROGATIONS

The following patchwork, or cento, consists of twenty questions asked by famous authors. Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, invites you to name the authors and the poems from which the lines are quoted. Answers on page 36.

1. Why repine, my pensive friend, at pleasures slipp'd away?
2. Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage—what are they?
3. While my soul expands with glee, what are kings and crowns to me?
4. Does the road wind uphill all the way?

5. What have we done to thee, thou monstrous Time?
6. What power divine shall henceforth wash the River Rhine?
7. Why should I sit in the scorner's seat, or hurl the cynic's ban?
8. Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and days o' lang syne?

9. What mockery or malice have we here?
10. What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
11. What are you when the rose is blown?
12. Where are the snows of yesteryear?

13. Hast thou communed in spirit with night?
14. Can Gloomy shadows fall from one so bright?
15. O solitude, where are the charms that sages have seen in thy face?
16. What is this absorbs me quite?

17. Men of England, wherefore plough for the lords who lay ye low?
18. Thou hast not lived, why shouldst thou perish, so?
19. Hast thou ever weigh'd a sigh or studied the philosophy of tears?
20. How do you like Gaboriau?

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Britten and Britons at Stratford

STRATFORD, ONTARIO.

NEXT to William Shakespeare's, the most prominent name at this year's Stratford Festival is Benjamin Britten's, a clear indication that the affair primarily associated with theatre is also reaching out for an identity with music. At all the dramatic events protocol requires the preliminary playing of "God Save the Queen." At the North American premiere of his chamber opera "The Turn of the Screw" this formality was dispensed with, though in view of the next night's performance of the "Sinfonia da Requiem" and a recital later in the week, in which the composer shared the platform with Peter Pears, the anthem might well have been "Rule Brittenia."

For the purposes of the premiere and six subsequent performances, the festival authorities underwrote the journey from England of the English Opera Group, which has been playing the work based on Henry James's macabre study of the supernatural since its Venice premiere in 1954. With it, of course, came the composer to add luster to the occasion as conductor, though the hard work of indoctrinating the local pick-up orchestra was accomplished by his excellent associate, Charles Mackerras.

Music may be, proverbially, the "heavenly maid," but in Stratford it is still the earthly stepsister of drama —which is to say, there is no such magnificent structure as the new Festival Theatre for musical purposes. With or without it, however, Britten's work has already established its powers of absorption through a recording by many of the same performers. It could hardly be less so "live," even in an area so ill-served by impromptu wings, lighting facilities, and improvised orchestra "pit" as the Festival Concert Hall. Save for costumes, it was virtually a "play without a play."

The impression it made, therefore, was wholly due to the imagination and artifice with which Britten has elaborated Myfanwy Piper's libretto about Miles and Flora, the all-but-bewitched children of the James fantasy, the governess, Mrs. Grose, and all the rest. It is a product of the same strain in Britten's nature which involved him so deeply with the mentally troubled and emotionally conflicted characters of Peter Grimes and Billy Budd in other memorable works of the musical theatre. As with those, we are never quite certain what is root-cause and where is point-of-no-return. But, it is a certainty, the inevitable end is catastrophe.

The "Screw" (as it is known to its creator and performers) is, paradoxically, the more complicated because, on the surface, it is the simpler. Only thirteen orchestral performers are required, and the cast is limited to seven. This promotes audibility of the text, but it also imposes on every performer a soloist's responsibilities. The orchestra worked hard at its complex task (woodwinds, in particular, have a heavy chore of twittering and chirping) and they scored high in accuracy, if not with the certainty of the English performers with which the Group usually works.

Taken altogether, Britten has done a vital and apposite act of musical creation in evoking a Jamesian atmosphere. To a degree, his model seems to have been "Pelleas," with eight scenes to each of the two acts, and orchestral interludes to bridge the scene "shifts." There being none such in this version, the passages were played in total darkness, with an audibility that attested to the good manners of the first-night audience.

However, evoking an atmosphere is somewhat easier than sustaining a mood, as we have observed in various other works of Britten including "The Rape of Lucretia." To be fired by an incident and come to a boil with a head of steaming music is one thing; to sustain the impulse over a work that plays two hours is another. In the "Screw" Britten is more successful in involving the listener with the problem of a governess who accepts, sight unseen, the charge of two children in a country home than he is with her reaction to the spell that has been cast upon them by a former governess and her houseman-lover, both dead. In the novel it is all done by implication, suggestion, and masterly skill with words. For a while the Piper text follows the lead of the original but its digressions are costly.

That is to say, the Piper-Britten team begins to squander our interest in a first-act finale in which Quint and Miss Jessel, hitherto mute apparitions, join in vocally for a "big" climax. Perhaps the composer felt the need for such a point to aim at, but he also surrendered fidelity to the model which, presumably, inspired him. Henceforth the work is less psychological than physiological, providing various traditionalized operatic episodes for each of the leading performers. To be sure, it is difficult to expect such singers as Pears and Arda Mandikian to spend an evening of mute impersonation. It is equally difficult to reconcile palpable, spoken-sung lines with characters whose whole Jamesian force is their wholly undefined character.

However, the work plays—for a substantial while, anyway—and it provided an opportunity to show the excellence of Jennifer Vyvyan (the Governess) in the dual functions of singer and actress. As the malevolent male child, Miles, Michael Hartnett was, to the life, the beautiful, clever, devious, devil-ridden boy conceived by the author, and a fine little singer as well. His "sister" was played by Olive Dyer, probably the oldest member of the cast. Her diminutive figure suited the teenish part admirably, though the lines of facial maturity didn't. However, she gave an assurance to some difficult entrances that might have been lacking with a younger performer. The key part of Mrs. Grose was well taken by Judith Pierce.

Did this audience, however, really see Britten's "The Turn of the Screw"? I am inclined to say only partially. The Festival Concert Hall is an oblong wooden structure which has been used as roller skating rink and badminton court, and attaining local fame as the place where the celebrated hockey star Howie Morentz first lofted a puck. The stage along the long side of the oblong is no more than a makeshift platform, with the audience fanned out on three sides around it. The floor is flat, meaning that unless one is Tyrone Guthrie, with a built-in elevation, one is at the mercy of the fates so far as visibility is concerned.

On a previous occasion, when Teddy Wilson's trio and a group led by Gerry Mulligan offered their varying views of jazz, a large exhaust fan kept a pleasant current of air circulating around the 1,000 or so people in the room. When Britten appeared to conduct the "Screw" the fans sighed resignedly to rest, suggesting his preference for quiet rather than comfort.

Axiom One of the festivalgoers' lexicon would seem to be: where there is scenic splendor, the facilities are limited, and where there are facilities, do not expect scenic splendor. Stratford has refined this to a degree by providing splendid facilities for the theatregoer in lieu of memorable vistas or views. It penalizes the music lover, however, by substracting the one while adding nothing of the other.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

The Battle in the Buffalo Bean

THE sun rose early in the Little Wolf Mountains the morning of June 25, 1876, and the scouts who trickled through the saddle gap from Rosebud Stream reported curls of smoke, a large village, and at least 5,000 ponies. But the general who climbed up in the pass several hours later to have a look for himself was somehow unchastened. Some say the strong sun cast a haze over the panorama. At any rate he split his small unit of 600 men in three parts and ordered an advance.

What happened to George Armstrong Custer, a major general in his thirty-seventh year, that summer's day has been a prime subject for discussion ever since. The ground where his forces were annihilated by the combined warriors of the Sioux and Cheyenne tribes has been made a National Monument, and with the grave markers and the museum they tell a remarkable story of the day's action, if not the motivations of the men and of those who sent him on his mission.

After sighting the Indians, Custer ordered one force of about 150 men under Major Marcus Reno to cross the Little Bighorn River and attack the village. The encampment turned out to be three miles long, the largest Indian gathering on the northern plains. While Reno's group was being badly chewed up and forced to retreat in disorder, Custer with another 200 men advanced to attack the village from the other end. He was set upon by Chief Gall, then by Crazy Horse, the Indians wriggling along the gullies, attacking the troopers from all sides, outnumbering the Custer force twenty to one. The braves stampeded the Federal horses carrying ammunition in their saddle bags, and the steeds were caught by squaws who waited in the encampment in the valley below. In perhaps an hour it was all over. The only living thing on the battlefield was Comanche, Captain Keogh's horse.

One grave marker out in the field is said to note the place where the last trooper fell. Stunned in the battle he rose after it was done, found a horse, and rode for the hills. Seeing three Indians coming at him he drew his pistol and blew his brains out. Of the three Indians only one was armed. The other two were boys coming to scavenge the dead.

Reno's battalion and another, under Capt. Frederick W. Benteen, consolidated forces, heard firing some miles off. It appeared that the Indians were running about the hill firing into the ground. Soon Reno and Benteen were themselves attacked and forced to withdraw. That night, while they dug entrenchments and piled packing cases into a sort of embattlement, they watched the Indians in a wild celebration across the river.

The next day the main column of U.S. troops under Generals Terry and Gibson found the battle scene. They counted 206 bodies. Four officers and fourteen men were missing but none was ever found alive. Bodies were stripped of clothing, but the stories of mutilation vary. The National Park Service has in its file a picture of a mutilated trooper, although the *Helena Weekly Herald* of July 27, 1876, quotes a lieutenant who found the scene as saying, "Of the 206 bodies buried on the field there were very few that I did not see, and beyond scalping in possibly a majority of cases there was little mutilation." Custer's own body had been stripped but not mutilated. It had been struck by two bullets, either of which could have killed him.

The reaction was immense. The *Tribune,* published in Bismarck, Dakota Territory, carried the story on July 6 under these many decks of headlines:

MASSACRED

General Custer and 261 Men
The Victims

No Officers or Men of Five
Companies Left to
Tell the Tale

Three Days Desperate Fighting
By Major Reno and the
Remainder of the
Seventh

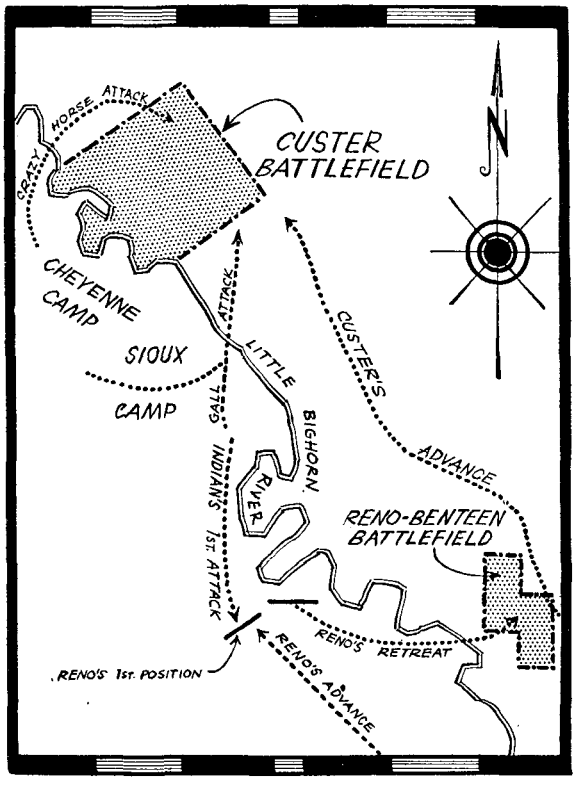
Full Details of the Battle
List of Killed and Wounded

The *Bismarck Tribune*'s
Special Correspondent Slain

Victims Captured Alive Tortured
In a Most Fiendish Manner

What Will Congress Do About It?

Custer's wife later wrote, in a book called "Boots and Saddles," "This battle wrecked the lives of twenty-six women at Fort Lincoln and orphaned children of officers and soldiers joined their cry to that of their bereaved mothers." But only two years before the final fight Custer himself had published a book called "My Life on the Plains" in which he said, "If I were an Indian I often think I would greatly prefer to cast my lot among those of my people who adhered to the free open plains rather than submit to the confined limits of a reservation, there to be the recipient of the blessed benefits of civilization with its vices thrown in without stint or measure."



"marked by white crosses, patrolled by killdeer."

CUSTER had been sent against the Indians to force them back to the reservations from which many had wandered. The Government had issued an order on December 3, 1875, notifying all Sioux that unless they were back within the borders by the 31st of January they would be "deemed hostile and treated accordingly by military force." In view of the time limit allowed and the cold winter, it was impossible to comply even had the Indians wanted

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to. The rations allotted them on their reservations were not sufficient and they were plagued by intrusions on their reservation territory by white men searching for gold in the Black Hills. Custer's independent spirit would have, by his own admission, placed him on the side of the free Indian. Much earlier, a paper he had written while a student at West Point from which he graduated in 1861 went as follows:

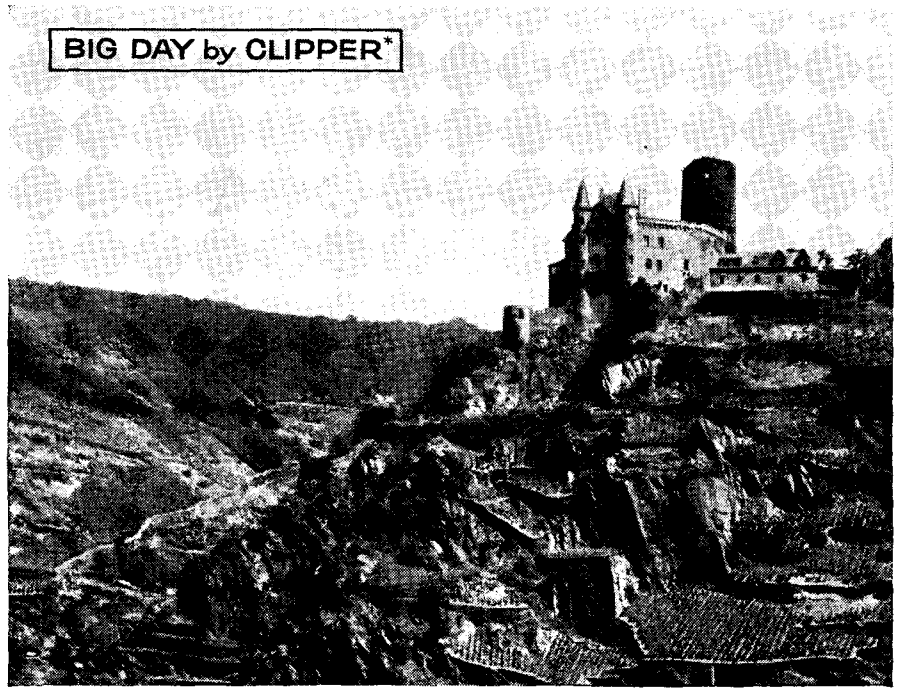
> The Red man is alone in his misery. The earth is one vast desert to him. Once it had its charms to lull his spirit to repose. . . . We behold him now on the verge of extinction, standing on his last foothold, clutching his blood-stained rifle, resolved to die amidst the horrors of slaughter, and soon he will be talked of as a noble race who once existed but has now passed away.

The Custer Battlefield Museum, which has collected all sorts of memorabilia, from Indian sketches of the battle to the white buckskin suit Custer wore in the field, also sells a variety of books that delve deeply into the enigma of the encounter and of the man. Custer went into action at Bull Run straight out of West Point and became a brigadier general two years later at twenty-three, led a brigade at Gettysburg, became nationally famous fighting under Sheridan at Yellow Tavern, was on hand at Appomattox. Custer had graduated near the bottom of his class for pranks pulled at West Point. He was court-martialed in 1867 for leaving his command at Fort Wallace, Kansas, without permission, and the following year he was accused of abandoning a group of his men who were killed by Indians. He had earned President Grant's disfavor when he testified against Secretary of War Belknap, who had been accused of accepting bribe money from Indian post traders.

Custer was at Little Bighorn that summer's day in 1876 because some men wanted to be free and other men wanted gold. He was not exactly a self-effacing man (one portrait by Matthew Brady shows him in wide hat, sailor's shirt, and red tie all of his own design) and some theorists say that he was out that day to capture glory and thus offset his disfavor with Grant.

Those are some of the ramifications behind the death of Custer and 200 men, a site marked by white crosses on the ridges, patrolled by killdeer, covered with wheat grass and buffalo bean, surrounded by the big sky, and now, more than eighty years later, visited by 130,000 people a year.

—Horace Sutton.



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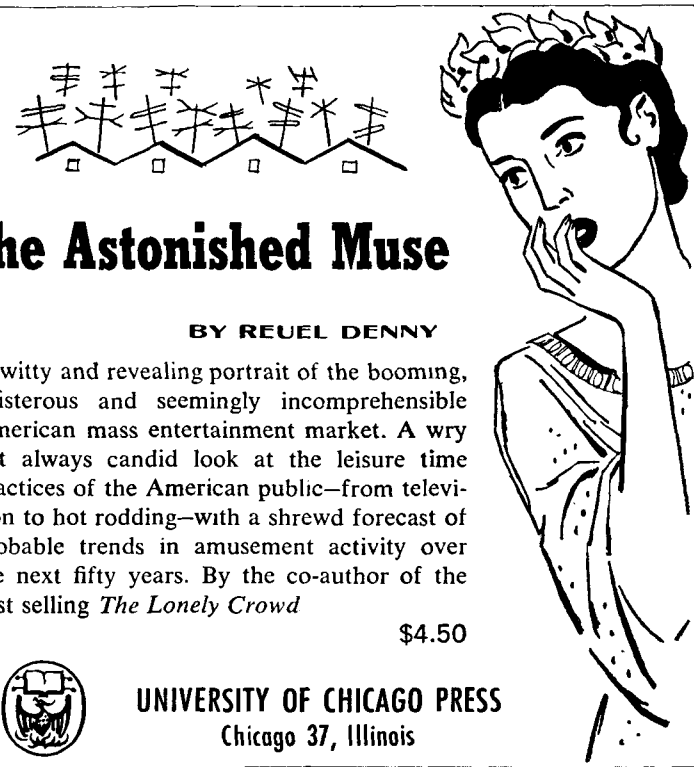

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A Mother's Guide to Spocksmanship

By ROLLENE WATERMAN

THIS week the more than 100,000 operators of newsstands, cigar stores, and supermarkets that sell paperback books are happily stuffing copies of a thick 50¢ book into their metal racks, confident that before the year is out they will have sold more copies than before and in all probability it will move at the same clip for many more years to come. Their optimism is founded on rosy experience: since Dr. Benjamin Spock's **"Baby and Child Care,"** was first published eleven years ago, its publisher, Pocket Books has sold more than eight million copies in the paperbound edition, while other houses have disposed of more than 250,000 in hard covers. The new, thoroughly revised (128 pages more) edition is as up-to-date as the combined efforts of the pediatric profession and the publishing business can make it. (In mid-October, Duell, Sloan & Pearce will be publishing the new version in hard covers at $5.)

If there ever was a household word in America it is "Spock" as the "baby's bible" is known among the child-rearing set. Young mothers turn to it several times a day to solve such conundrums as bottle- vs. breast-feeding, thumb- vs. pacifier-sucking, and the riddles of crying, sneezing, and prickly heat. "Spock" invades the baby shower along with diapers and booties. In many a split-level it is not uncommon to find two milk-spattered, dog-eared copies, one for downstairs and one for up. But Spock has found homes in states beyond the forty-eight: editions have been printed in Afrikaans, Hebrew, Finnish, Persian, and eleven other foreign tongues.

The genial, big (6 feet 4 inch), fifty-four-year-old Cleveland pediatrician, with characteristic modesty attributes the success of his book largely to the temper of the times. When the book was first published in 1946, the war-born baby tide was just beginning to swell: more than three-and-a-quarter million babies were born during that twelvemonth; one out of six married women was a mother as compared with one out of eight in 1935. The new parents were often living far from home and the counsel of their own families and their families' physicians. The teachings of Freud and his followers had trickled into the consciousness of every adult, making him chary about the possibly lifelong effects of experiences in infancy. Pediatricians were emphasizing that each baby was as much an individual as his parents, that all babies did not cry, itch, and gurgle for the same reasons. What modern parent wished to nurture a tiny neurosis or crush a budding psyche? To these tremulous mothers (and fathers) Dr. Spock offered the reassuring advice of an old friend and trusted family doctor.

Not only were the times ready for Dr. Spock; he was ready for the times. New Haven-born Benjamin Spock was never attracted to his father's profession of law; he has known ever since childhood that he wanted to be a doctor. He carried the determination through Andover (where he was on the track team) and Yale (where he became sufficiently adept at rowing to make the 1924 Olympics crew) to Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons (where he became one of the first doctors to interne in both pediatrics and psychiatry). Following his graduation from P & S he taught pediatrics at Cornell University Medical College and served as consultant in pediatric psychiatry with the New York City Health Department.

The original idea for the book was not Spock's but two publishing houses intent upon building up how-to-do-it lines. Doubleday mentioned it first. Then, during the war, shortly before he entered the Navy to serve as a psychiatrist, Pocket Books broached the same notion. Doubleday wanted a hard-cover book; Pocket Books wanted a paperback. "Being sort of an educator by nature," says Dr. Spock, "the idea of reaching hundreds of thousands of mothers appealed to me." But Doubleday was unwilling to enter a deal that would involve simultaneous paperback and hardcover publication, and released him from its verbal contract. Into the breach stepped Charles Duell, president of Duell, Sloan & Pearce, an old Yale acquaintance for whose offspring Dr. Spock had acted as pediatrician.

THE gestation of "Baby and Child Care" lasted two years, while Dr. Spock was serving the Navy on Long Island and in the San Francisco bay area. Evenings and weekends he dictated while his wife Jane (whom he married during his college days) typed, which probably accounts for the easy, conversational style of the book. He knew whereof he spoke, drawing upon his more than a dozen years of practical experience at baby doctoring. And he was thorough. He sent the manuscript to more than twenty medical specialists for suggestions based upon their own experience with children. He prepared the index himself, an index to calm the qualms of the most jittery mother. Under "blue," for instance, is listed "blueness in breath-holding" and mother's "blue feeling after childbirth." From abscesses to Zwieback, the index is practical and complete.

So indelibly has Dr. Spock's name become identified with baby care that to most parents younger than forty

—*Wide World.*

Dr. Spock counsels a mother—"reassuring advice of an old friend."

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it seems incredible that the good doctor had any forebears. But for nearly half a century before Spock the world of American infancy was overshadowed by the stern figure of Dr. L. Emmett Holt, a New York pediatrician. Dr. Holt's "Care and Feeding of Children," first published in 1894, sold more than a million hardcover copies in some ninety printings before it went out of print in the permissive Fifties. Dr. Holt was strict. He frowned on hugging and kissing the baby, insisted that the clock regulate the hours of feeding. When the infant was obstinate about thumb-sucking, he advised confining "the elbows by small pasteboard splints to prevent the child from bending the arm."

Dr. Holt's iron rod began to crumble in the early Forties before the onslaughts of such pioneering pediatricians as C. Anderson Aldrich of the Mayo Clinic and Arnold Gesell of the Yale Clinic of Child Development. Their insistence upon flexibility and variation in child care impressed Dr. Spock. But in writing his book, he carried the thought a step farther, taking the child out of the clinic and into the nursery. He spoke up for the mothers, defending their own native ability to care for their children. "Don't be overawed by the experts," he cautioned. "Trust your own instincts. . . . Don't get panicky!" Above all, he insisted, "Don't be afraid to be nice!" For rattled parents the words were as soothing as a lullaby.

Spock's doctrine of moderation came, in time, to be interpreted by some as excessive permissiveness. It is for this reason that he has clarified his text in the present edition. "Twelve years ago," he says, "the greatest sins in child care were committed in the name of rigidity." "Now," he goes on to say, "there are as many sins from overpermissiveness."

Attention to the needs of the mother is another highlight of Dr. Spock's new edition. It might well be entitled "Baby, Child, and Mother Care." He is not above sending a weepy and anxious mother out to a movie or to buy a new hat. Mother will be reassured to know that the doctor cares as much for her bonnet as baby's.

From the letters he receives in response to his monthly column in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Dr. Spock knows what questions mothers are asking these days. He answers these in his new book, and gives information about new medical aids like the Salk vaccine, antibiotics, and the three-in-one whooping cough-diphtheria-tetanus injection.

Since fame overtook him, Dr. Spock has been a busy man. Since leaving the Navy, he has served four years on the staff of the Mayo Clinic, organized a teaching program in child psychiatry at the University of Pittsburgh, and for the past two years, as Professor of Child Development at Western Reserve Medical School, he has worked with mothers and babies in the typically Spock-informal Family Clinic. This summer he has been vacationing at Falmouth on Cape Cod with his wife, two sons (thirteen and twenty-four), and a daughter-in-law. But he is already gestating a new book. This one is to be about older children. After all, his original crop is growing up.

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—JOHN BETJEMAN, *London Times*

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a novel by Julian Fane

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Fiction

Continued from page 19

sad eucalyptus trees and looks down over the Bay area. Soon the fog "would come streaming through the Golden Gate to shroud the romantic city in white, and a young man would hold his girl by the hand and climb slowly up a long white sidewalk with a bottle of Tokay in his pocket. That was Frisco. . . ." But it rains, Remi quarrels with Lee Ann, and soon Sal is holding hands with "the cutest little Mexican girl in slacks" in and around old L.A.

That's the way it goes with an itching foot. Sal and Dean ferry furniture between Testament, Va., and Paterson, N. J., barreling along at seventy miles an hour in a 1949 Hudson; they dig the great jazz pianist George Shearing in his great 1949 days "before he became cool and commercial"; they go to big parties in the West Nineties; Dean works in a parking-yard to earn some jack. But it is too cool in New York and they bowl down to New Orleans, hitting the dull bars in the French Quarter and the Negro jazz-shacks among the oil-flats, while Marylou samples everything in the books ("tea, goofballs, benny, and liquor") just for kicks. Their host Old Bull Lee takes his evening fix in the bathroom, using his necktie as a tourniquet and "jabbing with the needle into his woesome arm with the thousand holes." Up in the Pecos Canyon country on the way home, they all take their clothes off and sit side by side in the front seat while Dean cries, "Yass, yass. . . . If I lived around here I'd go be an idjit in the sagebrush. . . . I'd look for pretty cowgirls—hee-hee-hee-hee! Damn! Bam!" For that is the way Dean talks, whether they are stumbling out of a bus in Detroit or getting high on marijuana in Old Mexico. It is said

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to be sad and blank when Dean's huge hunger for "life" begins to shows signs of appeasement.

But what is really sad and blank is Kerouac's American landscape. "On the Road" contains evidence that he can write when he chooses. But this dizzy travelogue gives him little chance but to gobble a few verbal goofballs and thumb a ride to the next town.

MODERN TRAGEDY: Like most first novels, John Okada's **"No-No Boy"** (Tuttle; clothbound, $3; paperbound, $1.95) deals with problems of love and adjustment—to parents, friends, and society—but with unusual sociological complications. The hero, Ichiro, is a fictional example of the Americans of Japanese descent whom we herded into concentration camps "in the interests of national security." When his draft number came up in camp, Ichiro said "No!"—unless the judge would first reunite and release his family. Two years in prison and the shock after release of coming upon many fellow "relocatees" who had done their service in the army induce feelings of guilt, in spite of a continuing sense of personal wrong. The novel takes him toward an implied adjustment to his guilt and a blessing upon the unjust society.

For a first novel, the basic situation is well conceived and handled. This is no small trick, but perhaps it has been achieved at the cost of over-simplification of the novel as a form.

"No-No Boy" is an absorbing, if often strained, melodrama based on injustice and the immemorial problem of harmonizing the guilt of a society with the lesser guilt of the individual. The modern American, of whatever descent, is truly both the hero and the villain of the piece. The heroine is "that faint and elusive insinuation of promise" which is the American's heritage. The problem itself is tragic, and "No-No Boy" comes as close as anything in recent fiction to exploring the nature of this tragedy. —EARL MINER.

TROUBLE IN ANTIOCH: Douglas Kiker's first novel **"The Southerner"** (Rinehart, $3.95) tends the wounds of the segregationist issue, and it may be proclaimed by a substantial number of Southerners as trash. White trash. Nigger-loving trash. Some Southerners, like this one, weary of the circular controversy, will nevertheless attempt to assess Mr. Kiker's work as fiction and not as politics.

It is just as well to be candid about the author's point of view. Mr. Kiker is anti-redneck. His deputy attorney general has gubernatorial ambitions, the governor is incompetent, the morning and evening papers are jointly owned, the heroine is a Sweet Briar graduate. And yet his city of Antioch is, as Mr. Kiker says, "not Memphis, or Atlanta, or Birmingham, or Columbia, S. C., or Richmond, or New Orleans."

The action centers around the trial of a Negro who has gone through the motions of entering his son in a white school. Complications stem from the conscience of a newspaper reporter and from the fact that law enforcement in this Southern town is for the prevention of violence and not for the protection of individual rights.

In the mainstream of the Edgeworth-Stowe-Dickens tradition of the *roman engagé,* Mr. Kiker's novel is not as sentimental as Maria Edgeworth, not as much of a bluestocking as Harriet Beecher Stowe, not as much of a caricaturist as Dickens. His position in the current controversy will be too far to the right for the Yankee Emancipationists, too far to the left for the Massively Resisting Rednecks, but even if Mr. Kiker has shot his bolt with his first novel, he has shown himself a gifted writer and a responsible man.

—J. C. WYLLIE.

DULY NOTED: **"Mandevilla,"** by Kate Thompson (Houghton Mifflin, $4), portrays the various members of a South African Huguenot family, the Derains. At the center of things there is the adopted daughter Mandevilla, whose shyness is overcome by Beau Derain and by a stern but just father who learns much from the mature youngsters. The South Africa-born novelist, author of "Great House," to which this is a sequel, has a fine touch in handling human relations.

"Say You Never Saw Me," by Arthur Nesbitt (Scribners, $3.95) details the indoctrination, exploitation, and expiration of Ed Fleet as he rides a lonely circuit as a travelling salesman. It's an unbelievably chaotic and dismal world, filled with office strategies, convention socializings, and hotel-room affairs. A potentially meaty subject is handled repetitively and hollowly.

"The Inevitable Hour," by Edison Marshall (Putnam, $3.95), takes us back sixty years to a Caribbean island where some goal-seekers—an artist, an actor, a doctor—become enveloped by the sensuous, demon-infested atmosphere. Their quest comes to an end with the eruption of a volcano, but not before they lead a full life with Marshall's ample supply of luscious Creole women.

—S. P. MANSTEN.

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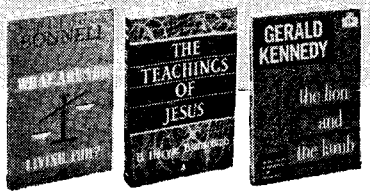

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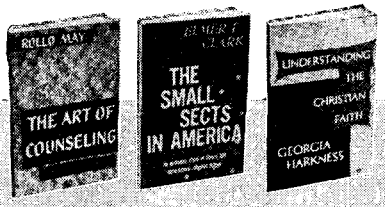

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Japan

Continued from page 20

illusionment, the conduct of the Occupation forces, the war crimes trials, is of the greatest interest. Here is a well-balanced book by an intelligent, warm-hearted woman who has an extraordinary tale to tell, and tells it well.

Modern Masques

***"Five Modern Nō Plays," by Yukio Mishima** (translated by Donald Keene. Knopf. 198 pp. $4), are dramas that borrow from the traditional Japanese theatre to create an international style comparable in mood to Strindberg, Cocteau, and Tennessee Williams.*

By Earl Miner

DONALD KEENE has placed us again in debt to his busy talents, and once more he has chosen his subject well. Historically, his new translation of Yukio Mishima's "Five Modern Nō Plays" is one of the most important Japanese literary events since the war. And for dramatic power and beauty, the plays are probably second only to the movies of Akira Kurosawa.

However, the title of the book raises several questions. How do these plays compare with traditional nō plays? What are their techniques? How do they compare with contemporary Western drama? What do they mean?

The readiest way to answer the first question is to take out one's copy of Arthur Waley's "Nō Plays of Japan," where the originals of all but "Hanjo" are translated. "Sotoba Komachi," "The Damask Drum," "Kantan," and "The Lady Aoi" are among the most familiar in the nō repertory. Comparison is both easy and startling.

The original "Lady Aoi" ("Aoi no Ue"), for example, concerns the possession of Aoi, wife of Prince Genji, by the jealous spirit of the still living Princess Rokujō. The incantations of a witch fail to exorcise this "living phantom," and Aoi is saved only through the recitation of Buddhist formulas by a saintly hermit. A cloak on-stage represents the bed-ridden Aoi, and Prince Genji is not one of the five characters. Mr. Mishima's "Lady Aoi" presents four characters in a modern psychiatric hospital—Rokujō, Hikaru (Genji), Aoi, and a nurse. Rokujō's jealous "spirit" is translated into destructive, subconscious desire; Hikaru is a symbol of attractive and half-irresponsible masculinity; Aoi represents a woman sick with inner conflict induced by others; and the nurse is a modern witch incanting a Freudian jargon which saves nobody. To this eerie transformation, the playwright adds a symbolic yacht-trip on-stage and, over a telephone, the voice of the consciousness of Rokujō. The ritualistic, brocade-like beauty of nō has been transmuted into the fresh, sensual intimacy of linen.

The two-part structure of nō remains only in "The Damask Drum." But even this play is altered so fundamentally that when it was given performance in the traditional manner—with masks and dance, but with modern dress, a male quartet as chorus, and modern instruments—the production required the utmost effort for adaptation. These plays are not, then, true nō plays written today, but plays which borrow from the nō to create an international, modern style and atmosphere comparable to Strindberg, Cocteau, and Tennessee Williams. Just as Buddhist charms become Freudian analysis in this stage-world, the great poetess and onetime beauty, Komachi, becomes in "Sotoba Komachi" a hag scavenging for cigarette butts, albeit still capable of casting her old spell over a young man. Where W. B. Yeats had used such nō as "Nishikigi" to create an abstruse, if more poetic, modern drama, these plays are easier to understand than "The Glass Menagerie." In spite of his distortions of reality, Mr. Mishima's imagination is grounded in the actual.

This milieu of the plays is more readily understood than their collective meaning, but essentially they represent a search through the miasma of modern life for beauty, significance, and love—with tragic or ironic results. Neither the tragic frustration nor the superficially psychological cast of the plays, however, represents their true center. The suffering search itself, embodied in such richly imaginative forms, represents the mystery and wonder of life which the plays convey.

There seem to be two reasons why Mr. Mishima should redo the nō to achieve such modern drama. The nō offered him materials shaped into kind of symbolic emotional shorthand—the spirits, magic, and strange turns of these plays. But, more fundamentally, he has turned to nō as Joyce did to the "Odyssey" for "Ulysses." By reconstituting the literary forms, materials, and experience of the past, he has been able to discover a beauty and meaning in life which the modern world seems to deny.

There is nothing dull in these plays,

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but in a couple of instances—notably the middle of "The Damask Drum"—the central action slows while subplots are developed. Not even Mr. Mishima's wit and imagination can make irrelevancies germane. Mr. Keene's translations are in a typically easy, readable style, and his introduction is lively and instructive, if occasionally ambiguous. All in all, there is nothing in the original, translation, or accompanying photographs to keep us from seizing upon these plays as our own. The person who fails to find them moving and intelligible is not a child of our age.

LAFCADIO HEARN'S JAPAN: Lafcadio Hearn, a most engaging person, is by no means the least misleading interpreter of Japan. As a writer his style is a bit too fruity for the best modern taste. Japan provided him with a sentimental refuge from a Western world he found harsh and unsympathetic. His picture of Japan may not correspond to any reality that ever was, but it does correspond to the picture many Japanese have, or like to think they have, of themselves. It would be both invidious and bad anthropology to say "The Japanese are the most sentimental people in the world." But it is indisputable that a large number of sentimentalists are residents of the Japanese archipelago, more, probably, than live in Bavaria. Japanese culture itself divides pretty sharply, poem by poem, picture by picture, into "hard" and "soft." So Hearn does correspond to something, not reality perhaps, but a potent and pervasive myth. For all these reasons, any personal documentation of his life is of importance to his devoted followers.

It would be hard to imagine anything more intimate than **"Re-echo"** (Caxton, Printers $10), a touching collection of relics which his son, Kazuo Hearn Koizumi, has preserved from his own childhood, and at last, in old age, published: lessons in the geography and history of the West, popular nineteenth-century poems, with Hearn's pencil illustrations and explanations, records of conversation with a little boy about the meaning of art and life, many more pencil and water-color sketches, all very amateur in quality, Hearn's versions of Grimm, Anderson, and common folk tales, sheets from Kazuo's copybook in reproduction, common little domestic scenes from his diary, written at the age of ten, and finally, Kazuo's own thoughts on the meaning of his father's art and on the futility of war. It is all very simple, naive, and charming, a record of the meeting of two cultures of interest to students of Japan and general readers.

—KENNETH REXROTH.

World War II

Continued from page 18

the B-17 was never 315 and 310 mph respectively, loaded or unloaded. In a steep dive, perhaps, but never straight and level.

There are two heroes in "Low-Level Mission"—the men and the B-24. This major book should settle the perennial argument over the virtues of the Flying Fortress and the Liberator once and for all. I'm quite aware that it will not. But when the impossible was demanded, it was the lumbering, elephantine Baker Two Dozen which was called on.

SPIES FROM THE EAST: During World War II, Japanese spies were an ever-present danger in the United States, Hawaii, the Panama Canal Zone, and throughout the combat areas of the Pacific. Now in **"Secret Servants: A History of Japanese Espionage"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $4), the experienced Ronald Seth, author of "Spies at Work," tries his hand at unravelling the Japanese spy network. He does this in readable prose, not stinting in the use of conversations that probably took place. One point he makes is that Japanese espionage practices—possibly like World War II itself—stemmed directly from the Germans. But once the Japanese had learned the craft, they added Oriental embellishments. The Japanese became obsessed by spying, the author states, and believed in using every possible citizen and ex-citizen for it. In California, one operative was a former valet of Charlie Chaplin. Another name which unexpectedly pops up here is that of Rudolph Hess, who became a student of Japanese espionage. And, of course, there is a section on the ubiquitous Richard Sorge. A must for spy-addicts.

—ALLEN CHURCHILL.

DULY NOTED: "The One That Got Away," by Kendal Burt and James Leasor (Random House, $3.95) was Lieutenant Franz Von Werra, Luftwaffe ace pilot. Shot down in the Battle of Britain, he ingeniously escaped and was recaptured several times. From a Canadian prison he made a daredevil break into the then neutral United States. Here the German embassy helped him back to Berlin. From his autobiography and official British records two English journalists have pieced out an engrossing cloak-and-dagger story. —BENNETT EPSTEIN.

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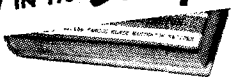

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Hospitable to Writers?

Continued from page 12

that he has a certain amount of luck along the way. They are the fruits of studious conformity, and this particular era in American life does offer them in abundance.

Or—on the other hand—does he simply want to write? Is it the categorical imperative to have his say that really moves him? Does he, above everything else on earth, want to express—to lay hands on the dreams and the ideas that have been tormenting him and, by hour after hour of lonely, unremitting work, hammer them out into a shape which he can present to other people?

If that is what the writer really wants then I believe America today offers a very fair environment for his career.

Of course, he will encounter pressures. Innumerable voices will constantly be telling him how to trim his sails to the prevailing winds, which now and then will rise to gale force. He will be, by turns, tempted and frightened, and he will find, as all writers worth the name have always found, that his greatest fight will be the fight simply to be himself. But what of it?

I would not hold William Lloyd Garrison up as a model for writers. That cantankerous abolitionist may very well have done much more harm than good between the time when he first grasped his pen and the time when he finally laid it down. But the little statement of purpose which he nailed to the masthead of his anti-slavery magazine does have in it an element of the determination which is the writing man's final reliance:

"I am in earnest. I will not equivocate: I will not excuse: I will not retreat a single inch—and *I will be heard!*"

It is that "I am in earnest . . . I will be heard!" that says it. Not, necessarily, heard by everyone; not necessarily heard by the people who have the richest rewards to give; but at least heard—my thoughts, my ideals, my own particular, personal way of looking at life and its tremendous riddles, reduced to words as well as may be and then brought to the notice of at least some of my fellow men. That, it seems to me, is the ultimate force that makes a man write.

OBEDIENT to that force, the writer does encounter a number of things that are not as they should be. Some of these things are more or less peculiar to the present day. The machinery of publishing is archaic and heavy-handed; there are times when it seems to be operated with a minimum of feeling for the values which may lie in the written word, and the writer's lot would be much easier if editors were not so often engaged in a desperate search for books exactly like the ones which have just appeared on the best-seller list. The mechanics of book-distribution are, perhaps, in even worse state, and the influence of the great book clubs is not uniformly beneficent. The state of literary criticism in America could unquestionably be better. It can be uncommonly hard for a beginner to get his book published at all, or to have it sold to any appreciable number of people after it is published; and it is extremely hard even for the veteran, "established" writer to make a comfortable living out of his chosen calling. All too often he has to devote valuable time and energy simply to the task of supporting himself in order that he may be a writer.

Nevertheless, I do believe that the American writer today operates in a fairly hospitable environment. By and large, this is and has been a country which is willing to listen. It may at times listen with an undiscriminating ear; it may not reward as richly as we who write think it should; it may not shield him from the hard knocks of life, and it may subject him to all manner of pressures from which he ought to be liberated. But it does give him the chance to be heard. It is the kind of society in which a man cannot merely speak his mind but can exert a lasting influence on the life and thought of his times; we are still living in a country which offers a substantial hospitality to ideas.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Walter Savage Landor: "Resignation." 2. Lord Byron: "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." 3. Thomas Moore: "Odes of Anacreon." 4. Christina Rosetti: "Uphill." 5. Wilfrid Blunt: "The Two Highwaymen." 6. Samuel Taylor Coleridge: "Cologne." 7. Sam Walter Foss: "The House by the Side of the Road." 8. Robert Burns: "Auld Lang Syne." 9. Robert Browning: "Hervé Riel." 10. Samuel Butler: "Hudibras." 11. Sir Henry Wotton: "Elizabeth of Bohemia." 12. François Villon: "Des Dames du Temps jadis." 13. Algernon Charles Swinburne: "Hertha." 14. Sara Coleridge: "The Child." 15. William Cowper: "Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk." 16. Alexander Pope: "The Dying Christian to His Soul." 17. Percy B. Shelley: "Song: To the Men of England." 18. Matthew Arnold: "The Scholar-Gypsy." 19. Edward Young: "Night Thoughts." 20. Julian Street and J. M. Flagg: "Read and Roe."

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W. C. Williams

Continued from page 14

all word use." Elsewhere he says, "The truth is that there's an *identity* between prose and verse, not an antithesis. It all rests on the same base, the same measure."

No first-class artist has ever left a form the way he found it. Each language has its own melody, and the poetic differences between American and English are as distinctive as the way they differ from Chinese. Our poetic tradition has come down from Shakespeare—or, more exactly, from Wyatt and Surrey—but in order for a poet to be as effective in our language as they were in theirs, he must be aware that not only has the language changed, but our use of it has also. Williams has not succeeded in creating a new technique for poetry in our prosaic age, but he—as well as Hart Crane—has carried us a long way toward a new age of poetry.

The most serious problem is that all over the world people are becoming more eye-minded and less ear-minded; through rapid scan-type reading, television, visual demonstration, we are more in the habit of acquiring ideas through the eye than through the ear. Traditional poetry must be *heard* to be appreciated, and the practice of reading aloud, in spite of the lift it got from the magnificent voice of Dylan Thomas, has nearly died out. From his apprentice days as a poet, Williams has worked toward writing in a way that suggests melodic and rhythmic patterns through the eye. His verse is not "free," but is carefully measured; but since in American English the number of beats to a line has nothing to do with the number of syllables in the line, Williams has made the line itself his metrical unit.

I find a larger proportion of really first-class poems among "The Collected Early Poems" of Williams than among the later ones, in spite of the development of his technique; but this may only mean that he does not select and discard as carefully as he used to. Nevertheless, "April," a love song to life in a small town in spring, is a masterpiece in technique and performance, although among the earliest. Yet it and other fine poems of every sort, from "The Red Wheelbarrow" to "Tract" have one great thing in common with the poetry and prose of "Paterson"—the deep humanity of William Carlos Williams. He is the physician who labored to bring poetry through its most difficult period since the time of the Puritans, and therein most of all is his greatness.

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(Continued on page 38)

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(Continued from page 37)

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ARTICLES: Why Don't the Scientists Admit They're Human?

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

LET'S BE SENSIBLE ABOUT THE FLU

INFLUENZA got its name in the ancient city of Florence, whose citizens blamed their aches and sneezes on the bad influence of certain stars. On and off for 400 subsequent years those stars have been conspiring—with a virus that flits like a comet, we learned in 1933—and people here below have been coughing and wiping their noses and going to bed with a feverish droop until boredom sends them wobbling back to work. Yet in all that time the influence has been really bad only once, during the great pandemic of 1918-19. Millions died then, not of "flu" but of pneumonia and other complications which came to be pinned on "flu." Every other "flu" epidemic, before and since, has been mild.

That is quite a remarkable record. It ought to be kept in mind in the growing hullabaloo over "the Asian flu" of 1957. If the word "Asian" weren't tacked onto the name we'd almost expect to come down with a spell of "flu" sometime during the coming winter. And we wouldn't fear anything worse than a few days' misery.

"Flu" is as familiar a part of our lives as grumbling about the boss. For years past we've had a vaccine that prevents "flu," but precious few of us have ever used it. It's likely to throw a person momentarily as flat as a typhoid shot does, and most of us haven't considered it worth the bother. Why, then, should we suddenly rush to be vaccinated now?

"The Asian flu" (A/JAP/305/57 is its scientific name) has traveled completely around the earth since it first broke out in Northern China last January. Nowhere that it has visited —even in places like South America, which are currently experiencing the winter weather when "flu" is normally most contagious—has it left the smallest evidence that it is any more deadly than "flu" we have come to accept as an irksome companion of the common cold.

From everything medical scientists know about it, "the Asian flu" is clearly not a dangerous threat to the life of a normally healthy individual.

The only foreseeable threat is indirect, and it lies in the damage that could be done if even a mild indisposition were to send too many people to bed at the same time.

Doctors might be away from their offices when patients needed them most.

Nurses might be home from the hospitals when the wards were fullest.

Policemen might be away from their beats when the juvenile delinquents were rowdiest.

Firemen might be away from their engines when fires broke out.

Bus drivers might be missing from their customary vantage points for shouting, "Please move to the rear!"

Telephone men, electricians, plumbers, and gasline repairmen might be unavailable at the most inconvenient moments.

It takes no vivid imagination to picture what could happen to shops, stores, offices, and factories if one in every five workers were home simultaneously nursing "flu." And one in five is the estimated number of victims "the Asian flu" may attack if it starts to spread as expected after the children go back to school for the fall term of study.

Because we make so little use of "flu"-preventive vaccine normally, the six drug houses which are licensed by the U. S. Public Health Service to manufacture the stuff have never developed facilities for truly mass production. Expansion on this scale is not only expensive; it takes time. A further complicating factor is the necessity of growing the virus in chick embryos. Chicks, of course, grow only in fertile eggs. Egg hatcheries naturally fit their incubation schedules to the demands of their best customers, who are the buyers of young frying chickens. The season for fryers is now past. There's a shortage of roosters to fertilize eggs. It takes weeks to grow a rooster to the stage where a likely hen will welcome his attentions. Consequently, the top number of eggs available for making vaccine to prevent "the Asian flu" is approximately 1,000,000 a week. Four "flu" shots can be extracted from one egg. Even those 4,000,000 shots a week won't be steadily available until October 1. Obviously then, there isn't enough vaccine for all of us—at least not now and probably not for weeks to come. So, since we're not concerned with our personal survival but with the orderly running of our households and communities, the intelligent course is to protect ourselves by proxy.

Anyone whose local authorities hand him back the proxy and say—"Get vaccinated. You're in a key job. You'll have to help hold things together if your neighbors take to their beds"—ought to be vaccinated as quickly as possible. (Unless he is allergic to eggs, in which case he should avoid this vaccine.)

Anyone who doesn't receive that summons owes it to himself not to stimulate a possible black market by clamoring for vaccine.

It's really just another case of trusting the family doctor.

Although you may not know it, your doctor has been braced for a "flu"

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emergency since mid-summer. He was alerted by the American Medical Association (which, in its continuing struggle against socialized medicine, feels that "flu" offers physicians a chance to prove their willingness and ability to handle crises on their own initiative) to take the lead in organizing town, county, and state "Asian flu committees." A good example of the result to date is the action taken by the Jefferson County (Louisville) Medical Society in Kentucky. Society members have been "strongly solicited" in writing "to maintain the smooth functioning of community services" by voluntarily regulating "flu" vaccinations according to the following priority scale: (1) hospital staff members (2) druggists, dentists, nurses not connected with hospitals, undertakers (3) policemen, firemen, teachers, transport workers, telephone operators (4) building custodians, elevator operators, key industrial and professional personnel. Mass vaccination clinics were discouraged, vaccination fees to fit the patient's means were advised, vaccinations on the doctor's off-days and on Sundays were proposed if the vaccine should become more plentiful later on.

Further precautions have been taken in the hospitals. At first warning of epidemics, they are ready to tighten elective admissions (minor operations that can safely be put off, mild illnesses, general checkups unrelated to emergency situations) to make room for any serious complications "flu" may bring to the very young, the very old, and the chronically infirm. Pediatricians, too, have agreed not to recommend vaccination of children as a routine procedure but to urge instead the immunization of strategically placed adults. The U. S. Public Health Service, badly singed by its attempts to allocate the distribution of vaccine against polio, has no wish to become involved in "flu" priorities. It has merely asked the vaccine makers to divide their output among the forty-eight states in ratio to the population. But it has promised to keep tabs on the vaccine supply and to issue public announcements of its availability.

Some doctors say that ten times as many people can be vaccinated with a given amount of vaccine if the stuff is injected between the layers of the skin rather than into the muscle under the skin. Experiments are now underway to determine whether this is true. Even if it should be true, many physicians privately suspect that "flu" vaccination won't be popular unless an epidemic is severe. By that time it will be too late for the vaccine to do any good.

Vaccination is ineffective after an infection is present. In the case of "flu" it probably is ineffective at any time that "flu" is prevalent in the neighborhood. For the "flu" virus apparently is carried in microscopic droplets from the throats and lungs of people who are not yet sick. Keeping away from coughs and sneezes is general good sense but it won't guarantee you against "flu." "Flu" carriers don't need to cough or sneeze to infect others; all they need to do is breathe.

Ordinarily, "flu" epidemics are limited in scope because a large percentage of us have had the stuff before and our blood contains antibodies to kill off the invading antigens. The virus mutates from year to year, but one year's strain is usually not sufficiently different from last year's to lay us low. The Asian mutation is different in the sense that it contains some antigens doctors never saw before (other antigens in it are familiar), and none of us is likely to have antibodies against the newcomers.

The symptoms of "the Asian flu" are no different from those of other "flu," however: abrupt onset of achiness, an "all in" feeling, fever as high as 104 or possibly 105 degrees for three to five days, maybe nosebleed, sore throat, a dry cough, several more days of general weakness after the fever subsides.

Treatment for "the Asian flu" is also the same as for "flu" we know. Rest in bed until you feel well enough to be on your feet again. Moist air in the bedroom. Drink lots of water, fruit juices, and soft drinks (not because it fights the virus but because it makes you feel less miserable) but no alcohol; "the bottle" has a phony reputation as a "flu" cure. Eat lightly—tea, toast, chicken, mashed potatoes, fruits, vegetables, gelatin, or ice cream. Take two aspirins every four hours to pull the fever down. Gargle with salt water (¼ teaspoon of table salt in a half glass of water) to ease the soreness in your throat. Call the doctor if unusual symptoms appear, such as heavy wet cough, blueness of the lips, rapid breathing (these may be signs of pneumonia).

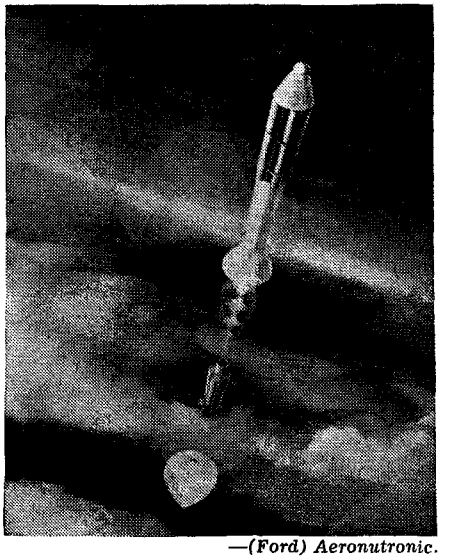
The doctor will appreciate not being annoyed by requests for antibiotics. They can't do a thing against the virus. They are effective against pneumonia and other secondary infections, but they shouldn't be used until they are needed because the bacteria which survive them may mutate and resist antibiotics later.

The reassuring tone of the foregoing paragraphs is not intended to suggest that death will take a holiday from "the Asian flu." Death never does take a holiday. The Asian virus strain may mutate from its present mild form into a more dangerous one. But if that happens nothing whatever can be done about it until a still newer vaccine is made. The present Asian vaccine will be as helpless as older ones that are now on the market.

There is nothing to be gained through panic. And there is no real reason for worrisome comparisons with 1918-19. No one knows what happened, scientifically, in that world-wide tragedy. The picture we have has all been pieced together years after the fact. The "flu" virus (shown in our masthead photograph in the act of attacking a blood cell) hadn't been isolated at that time; only a few daring souls went so far as to suggest that a virus was the causative agent. There were many deaths, but they were almost always associated with bacteria in the lungs; so far as anyone can tell, they were not just due to "flu."

• • •

THE giant pear balloon on the cover of this issue of *The Saturday Review* is the biggest economy-size package of space travel man has yet assembled. It consists of four-and-a-half miles of the same flimsy plastic sheeting that goes into refrigerator bags. The sheets are sealed together with four-and-a-half more miles of plastic reinforcing tape. The balloon hangs 300 feet tall (high enough to swallow a twenty-four story building), measures 212 feet across, holds 3,750,000 cubic feet of helium, and lifts a ton of cargo twenty miles up and floats it on the wind there for days at a stretch. It costs no more



—(Ford) Aeronutronic.

Space engine leaving depot.

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than a medium-sized automobile—$2,500 to $3,000.

This balloon is going to influence a revolution in the conquest of space. Even the least scientific of us should be interested in it because the conquest of space is the dominant inflationary force in the "shortage of plenty" that America has been experiencing for many months. Fantastically extravagant multiplications of missiles and rockets—intended to fend off Communist invaders expected from the other side of the earth by way of the road to the moon—have kited prices of metals and materials, boosted laborers' wages, and elevated salaries of scientists and technicians to the point where the whole economy is out of joint. Consumers are beginning to button up their pocketbooks, manufacturers are borrowing from the banks in preference to cutting prices while costs are rising, credit of all kinds is tightening, and the stock market is as nervous as though the Communist space ships were already landing.

The most explosive item in this strange inventory of prosperity is the custom-made nature of missiles and rockets. Each new space vehicle is different in one or more ways from the last, incorporating the latest findings of the most recent scientist on the job. The tailoring goes on right up to the moment of launching because the components, hot off the laboratory table, have not been tested in practice.

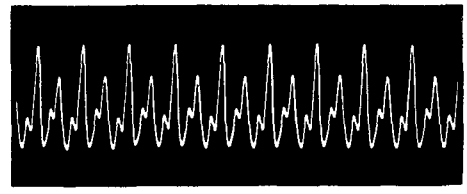
To bring costs down within reason, we need to make rockets off-the-shelf. The first major experiment with ready-made components will be conducted at Eniwetok late this month by the U.S. Air Force Office of Scientific Research. A solid-fueled rocket will be fired from the balloon on our cover (photographed in the course of being inflated last June 28 at the flight test center operated by its maker, General Mills, near New Brighton, Minnesota). The rocket will be suspended in a basket at the bottom of the big envelope and will be launched by radio after the balloon reaches a height of 100,000 feet. Taking off through the balloon (see sketch, page 40), the rocket will emerge from the big bag's top with 99 per cent of the restraining weight of earth's atmosphere already below. Four sets of motors riding piggy-back (a battery of four *Recruits* from Thiokol Chemical in Elkton, Md., then one *Recruit* firing alone, then four *Arrow II*'s from Grand Central Rocket in Mentone, Calif., and finally one *Arrow II*) will drive the twenty-three foot projectile to a top speed of 17,000 miles per hour. After this peak velocity has been reached, a round-nosed, flat-bottomed

An intrstng exprmnt in spch

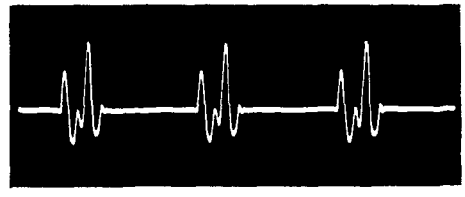
Some day your voice may travel by a sort of electronic "shorthand" when you telephone. Bell Laboratories scientists are experimenting with a technique in which a sample is snipped off a speech sound—just enough to identify it—and sent by wire to a receiver which rebuilds the original sound. Thus voices can be sent by means of fewer signals. More voices may economically share the wires.

This is but one of many transmission techniques that Laboratories scientists are exploring in their search for ways to make Bell System wire and radio channels serve you more efficiently. It is another example of the Bell Telephone Laboratories research that keeps your telephone the most advanced on earth. The oscilloscope traces at right show how the shorthand technique works.

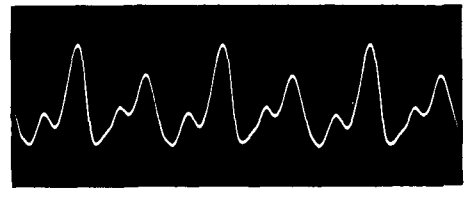
BELL TELEPHONE LABORATORIES



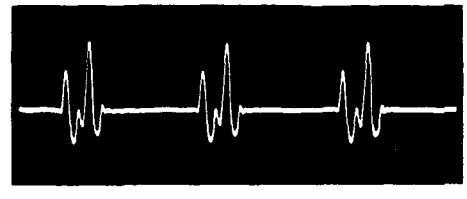
Vibrations of the sound "or" in the word "four." Pattern represents nine of the "pitch periods" which originate in puffs of air from the larynx when a word is spoken.



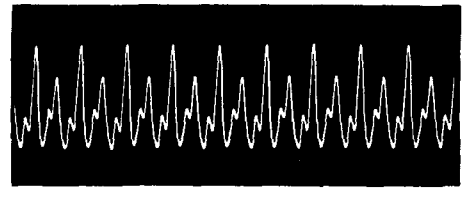
An electronic sampling of the "or" sound. One "pitch period" in three has been selected for transmission. This permits great naturalness when voice is rebuilt. Intelligible speech could be sent through a 1 in 6 sampling.



The selected samples are "stretched" for transmission. They travel in a narrower frequency band than complete sound.



Using the stretched sample as a model, the receiver restores original frequency. In all speech, sounds are intoned much longer than is needed for recognition—even by the human ear. Electronic machines perform recognition far faster than the ear.



The receiver fills in gaps between samples, recreating total original sound. Under new system, three or four voices could travel at once over a pair of wires which now carries only one — and come out clearly at the end!

WORLD CENTER OF COMMUNICATIONS RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT

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capsule six inches long and four inches thick will be thrown into space. Inside this manmade meteor will be scientific instruments and a powerful radio transmitter capable of reporting what electrical and magnetic forces are operating 1,000 to 5,000 miles out.

This is the sort of business that made old Henry Ford's Tin Lizzy famous. Old Henry's spirit would be pleased to know of the existence in the Ford Motor Company of a space travel subsidiary, Aeronutronic Systems, Inc. Aeronutronic put the four-stage rocket together at Glendale, Calif., under an AFOSR contract labeled Project Far Side. The components are so thoroughly standardized and simplified that Dr. Fred Singer, the brilliant young University of Maryland astrophysicist Aeronutronic hired as a consultant, is letting a crew of students fill the tiny space capsule.

The balloon itself is an unexpected byproduct of the law of gravity, as that law revealed itself to the world's biggest millers of wheat flour. Gravity governed the speed with which flour fell down the mill chutes to be bagged. The flour filled the bags faster than the men at the bottom of the chutes could close the bags. If a bag could be closed automatically, more flour could be marketed. So, in 1927, in order to keep up with the law of gravity, the millers hired a handful of mechanics to invent a flour bag sealer. A machine shop was set up in the flour mill. In time a sealer was invented, by a man named Anderson. What were the machinists to do then? They had never ground a grain in their lives and didn't know whole wheat from rye. To keep them off the breadline (no pun intended) General Mills assigned them to design pressure cookers for cake mixes and ingenious blowguns to explode grains into breakfast foods.

By the opening of World War II this little band of machinists were doing precision jobs that would have bankrupted big machine makers. At the request of the British Admiralty they shifted from mill gears to torpedo directors and from pressure cookers to roll-correctors for submarine destroyers in the North Atlantic. Later, they shifted again . . . to airplane bombsights . . . to remote-controlled mechanical arms for atomic installations . . . to robot-making-robots for the half-mile-long "brains" IBM built to stand radar watch in the Arctic Circle . . . and finally, toward the close of the war, to "Project Helios."

"Project Helios" was a creature of the Office of Naval Research. It originated in the 1930s with the noted French explorer, Dr. Jean Piccard, and Dr. John D. Ackerman of the University of Minnesota. Those two scientists knew, as did others, that balloons were far more reliable sources of observation than were vehicles hurtling along at high speeds. For a balloon merely drifts without disturbing the air around it. But Piccard and Ackerman knew, too, that the record-breaking 1935 flight of the *Explorer II* from South Dakota's "Stratobowl" to an altitude of 72,395 feet had demonstrated the unlikelihood of higher jaunts in rubberized fabric envelopes. Lesser men might have been laughed out of suggesting balloons of cellophane and scotch tape. Piccard and Ackerman not only suggested those materials; they made small balloons of them and flew them long distances.

Now, a decade afterward, the Mechanical Division of General Mills was ordered by ONR to fabricate eighty to 100 plastic balloons suitable for flying as a cluster and strong enough to lift a gondola carrying Dr. Piccard and a Navy pilot with a cargo of scientific instruments 100,000 feet up.

The General Mills machinists made the balloons and the gondola. Although "Project Helios" was called off in 1946 for fear of the effects of cosmic rays on the balloon occupants, the plastic balloons flew remarkably well. Their gas envelopes, patterned of thousandth-inch polyethylene film, were light in weight yet tough and temperature-resistant; they didn't expand continuously like the older rubber; they could be floated at a given altitude, and could even be sent on journeys, following the wind at a chosen height. More than 2,000 General Mills balloons have in fact been floated across the United States, the Atlantic, Europe, South America, even in a circle around the North Pole.

• • •

THE Atomic Energy Commission has been telling the people for a long time now that A-bomb tests could be continued indefinitely at the rate of the last five years with no appreciable danger to ourselves or to our earthly neighbors from fall-out. Last week the first Congressional committee to investigate fall-out reported a contrary view. Drawing upon evidence submitted by the AEC's own scientific specialists, the committee—headed by Representative Chet Holifield of Calfornia—said continuance of present tests *could* become a hazard. This would appear to be an excellent reason for pursuing the suggestion Mr. Holifield made in SR/RESEARCH last month: that the AEC be left in charge of making A-bombs but that another government agency be given responsibility for appraising bomb effects injurious to public health.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

UNSCROOPULOUS

DID VERY much enjoy reading Will Jonathan's . . . "Weather-to-Wear-Man" (PERSONALITY PORTRAIT XVII, Aug. 3) since fabrics have been a source of study for me, too. . . . My search now is for a "soundproof" rather than a wrinkle-proof material, so that when I wear my hearing aid attached to my clothes (as I do) my ears will not be assaulted by a very Niagara of sound caused by the rustle of the material of my dress, picked up by the amplifier of the instrument. . . . Do you think Dr. Dillon could perhaps "tune-up" an answer for me on this?

MRS. D. E. KETCHAM.
Miami, Fla.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. John H. Dillon, Director of the Textile Research Institute at Princeton, replies: "I believe Mrs. Ketcham's problem would be lessened, although probably not completely solved, if she would wear soft woolen dresses rather than crisp cottons, rayons, or silks. Silk, in particular, has a tendency to rustle, which is referred to by textile men as the 'scroop' of the silk. A great deal of effort is made to develop 'scroop' in rayon and cotton fabrics since it is a property which has long been associated with silk and, under normal circumstances, thought to be desirable."*

SHRINKING WORLD

I SEVERELY doubt that Dr. White would think (LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR, Aug. 3) that two antipodal points on the equator of earth would be 12,451 miles *apart*. That is the distance you have to travel to go from one to the other. But they are only 7,930 miles *apart*, even allowing for a little elevation above sea level on both sides.

WILLY LEY.
Jackson Heights, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The phraseology was: "no . . . further apart than 12,451 miles." But we thank Willy Ley for tightening things up.*

NEW STATUS

AFTER READING "Science in the Slums" (RESEARCH IN AMERICA, Aug. 3) I turned to the index to mark the section for future reference, as is my wont to indicate why I am keeping a particular copy. To my surprise, the *SR*/RESEARCH department has no index listing! May I suggest that this appears to be an oversight?

MRS. ALBERT FRIEDMAN.
Redondo Beach, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: SR/RESEARCH *is indexed starting with this issue.*

NO PROOF

IN LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR (*SR*/RESEARCH, Aug. 3), the editorial comment is made that "Scientific theory

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generally is not considered to be proved until it is possible for man to duplicate a natural phenomenon symptomatic of the theory." Actually, from the viewpoint of scientific philosophy a theory is not an object of either proof or disproof. . . . The value of a scientific theory lies not in its degree of approximation to the "truth," but rather in the degree of success with which its abstractions imply relationships which are consistent with observed phenomena and in the degree to which it implies productive experimental hypotheses.

JAMES S. FORD.
Los Angeles, Calif.

UNSUSPECTED?

YOUR ARTICLE on the changes taking place at East Chicago (RESEARCH IN AMERICA, Aug. 3) was fascinating.

You whet my appetite and leave it keen. You say, in effect, that the industry leaders of the community learned of wants and dreams of their employes that had never been suspected. You tell of the progress in slum clearance and other things. But what was the QED of these studies which industry had never suspected?

I assume that it was learned that humans, in relation to their economic endeavors, are affected by many things other than payroll checks—*i.e.*, social status, recognition, pride, etc. If this is all that was shown, I wonder if they were really so surprised. Motivation surveys, as I understand it, have demonstrated such things many times.

WILLIAM WOODRUFF,
Adjunct Professor of Economics, Georgia State College of Business Administration.
Atlanta, Ga.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We suggest that reader Woodruff read the letter below.*

HAPPINESS, LTD.

WE SHOULD like to . . . suggest a few changes in the event you write further concerning the Purdue-Calumet Development Foundation and its activities (RESEARCH IN AMERICA, Aug. 3).

1. The Munster Tract will not be used to handle any "overflow" brought about by slum clearance or tighter zoning regulations in East Chicago or its neighboring cities, but will be developed as a major addition to the supply of middle and upper-middle income housing for the area. (A distinction of considerable importance to those in the Munster area.) While we have been included in preliminary discussions concerning the utilization of this site, and may eventually manage its development, neither we, nor anyone else, have been given the land.

2. We would appreciate deletion in any future references of your colorful but subjective phrases such as "sealed bottle of human unhappiness" and "in the throes of destroying itself." These phrases, together with your statement on the illiteracy rate, are of questionable validity, and, at the least, do not give an accurate overall picture of the dynamism of East Chicago and the progress made and underway by its citizens and officials.

We know that you will appreciate our position in not wishing to stir up any unfavorable public reactions.

R. J. ROYAL.
Public Relations, Purdue-Calumet Development Foundation.
East Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Isn't it healthy to have unfavorable public reaction to a slum that houses one-third of a whole town's population?*

ATOM JUDGE NOMINEE

I READ WITH interest the provocative essay ("On Serving Two Masters," *SR/*RESEARCH, Aug. 3) on the need for an independent body to observe and record the fall-out from industrial and military experimentation in atomic energy. Mr. Lear makes the point that the nation cannot reasonably expect the same agency both to develop the bomb and to protect the public from the adverse effects of its own activities. I agree . . .

Our need . . . is for a group which both enjoys the complete confidence of the people and is technically competent to measure, record, and evaluate the effects of industrial and military experimentation. I believe that a unique solution to this problem will lie in the utilization of the United States Geological Survey. . . .

There is probably no body within the Civil Service which has more firmly established the reputation of honesty, integrity, and fair play in the public interest than the Geological Survey. . . . This group of well-educated and competent scientists has been dealing with radiation from an observation and recording standpoint for many years. The entire geological education, moreover, is pointed toward observation, recording, projection, and prediction from physical phenomena. The present geograhic distribution of personnel within the Survey is such that they would be able to undertake this function with a minimum of relocation. . . .

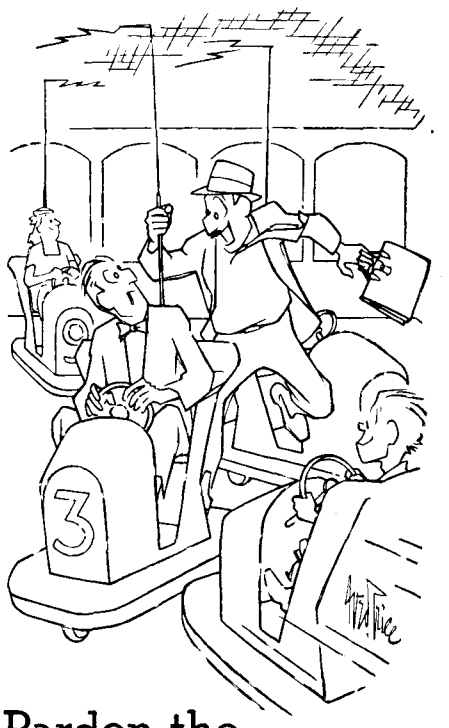
Whether the danger is real or imagined, the need of the people for reassurance is . . . valid . . . .

GEORGE CLARK.
Richfield Oil Corp.
Bakersfield, Calif.

HUMANITY FIRST

I WANT TO give Representative Chet Holifield my thanks for his sobering essay on the atom (*SR/*RESEARCH, Aug. 3). However, I found myself disagreeing that: "Any . . . agreement to stop (weapons) testing, (not) based on a foolproof system of inspection would . . . jeopardize our national security." We simply have no right to jeopardize the health of all mankind to insure our national security. We will justly merit the undying hatred of men the world over; . . . the atmosphere . . . belongs to all of them.

FR. LEON SULLIVAN, OFM.
Peoria, Ill.



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WHY DON'T THE SCIENTISTS ADMIT THEY'RE HUMAN?

By W. FURNESS THOMPSON

DID you ever read a scientific paper that begins, "For no good reason at all I had a hunch that . . ." or "I was just fooling around one day when . . ."? No sir! Seldom does a trace of anything haphazard, anything *human*, appear in published reports of research experiments. The scientific paper will more likely begin: "In view of recent evidence concerning the Glockenspiel theory, it seemed advisable to conduct. . . ." And the report will go on to describe a carefully thought-out experiment that followed not only a logical but also a chronological order. *This* was done, *this* resulted, therefore *these* conclusions were suggested. Scientific tradition demands that scientific papers follow that formal progression: method first, results second, conclusion third. The rules permit no hint that, as often happens, the method was really made up as the scientist went along, or that accidental results determined the method, or that the scientist reached certain conclusions before the results were all in, or that he *started out* with certain conclusions, or that he started doing a different experiment.

Much scientific writing not only misrepresents the workings of science but also does a disservice to scientists themselves. By writing reports that make scientific investigations sound as unvarying and predictable as a pavan, scientists tend to promulgate the curious notion that science is infallible. That many of them are unconscious of the effect they create does not alter the image in the popular mind. We hear time and again of the superiority of the "scientific method." In fact, the word "unscientific" has almost become a synonym for "untrue." Yet the final evaluation of any set of data is an individual, subjective judgment; and all human judgment is liable to error. Thoughtful scientists realize all this; but you wouldn't gather so from reading most scientific literature. A pompous, stilted style too often seizes the pen of the experimenter the moment he starts putting words on paper.

Words direct our lives, after all. And if the words in which we read the scientist's own unfolding story of his science are all cold and calculated, empty of foible or failing, above even mention of mistake, how are we to divine that in the vast majority of moments when he is not writing the scientist is a genial, sensible, rather humble man? By what occult power are we to recognize that his "objective evaluations" in the scientific journals are actually not magnificent infallibilities but fortunate conclusions of persistently pursued hunches, exhaustively explored intuitions, and unexpected observations?

Editors of scientific publications are not without their reasons for the current style of scientific writing. Their journals aren't rich. Paper and printing are expensive. Therefore, it is expedient to condense articles as much as possible. Under pressure of tradition, the condensation process removes the human elements first. And few scientific writers rebel against the tradition. Even courageous men do not go out of their way to publicize their deviations from accepted procedures. Then, too, there is an apparent objectivity and humility attached to the third person, passive voice writing technique adopted in the preparation of most scientific papers. So, bit by bit, the true face of science becomes hidden behind what seems to the outsider to be a smug all-knowing mask. Is it any wonder that in the popular literature the scientist often appears as a hybrid superman-spoiled child?

NO SMALL contribution to modern culture could be the simple introduction, into the earliest stage of our public-school science courses, of a natural style of writing about laboratory experiments as they really happen. This is something that could be done immediately with the opening of classes this fall. It requires no

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preparation except a psychological acknowledgment of the obvious fact that the present form of reporting experiments is a mental strait-jacket whose very appearance is calculated to repel the imaginative young minds science so sorely needs.

Dare the local schoolteacher depart from the stereotype imposed by tradition? I think he should. It would be foolish to expect every scientist to become a composite of, say, Pasteur and Hemingway. But the teacher could point out that a writing tradition which removes a portion of humanity is also liable to remove a portion of truth. He could encourage his students to report facts as they see them, including facts that convention might regard as "unscientific" and, therefore, out of place in a written report. The giants of science could serve as guides. Let me quote from the article in the June 1929 issue of the British *Journal of Experimental Pathology* in which Sir Alexander Fleming, the English bacteriologist, announced the discovery of penicillin:

> While working with staphylococcus variants (types of bacteria) a number of culture plates were set aside on the laboratory bench and examined from time to time. In the examination, these plates were necessarily exposed to the air and they became contaminated with various micro-organisms. It was noticed that around a large colony of the contaminated mold the staphylococcus colonies became transparent and were obviously undergoing lysis (dissolution). . . .

This paragraph is far from a literary masterpiece, but it does illustrate a straightforwardness which is infrequently present in scientific writing. Did Fleming report anything that happened according to plan? Not unless necessary exposure to air is counted as planning. The whole business was an accident, and Fleming said so.

Fleming did not discover penicillin because he was hunting for it. He made the discovery because he was *curious* about something he saw. He saw the germs on his plates being killed by an airborne mold. What was the mold and how did it kill?

This penicillin episode is an instructive example of how wrong the popular conception of "scientific method" can be. Even after he isolated penicillin Fleming was unable to make more than a meager quantity of it that was useful. Ten years were to pass before the antibiotic was mass-manufactured, and then the job could not be done in the discoverer's native England. Penicillin did not become a practical reality until Dr. Alfred Newton Richards, Chairman of the National Research Council's Committee on Medical Research in this country, persuaded United States manufacturers to go into speculative development of the drug.

OUR firm—Smith, Kline, and French—was one of the companies Richards approached. We were interested. We thought a mushroom outfit might be a good place to grow the mold. I was sent to talk to the mushroom man. As I explained the process of growing molds and extracting penicillin, he paled. He got rid of me as fast as he could. Much later, I found out that mushroom growers *plan* their science on the principle that all molds are evil and should be destroyed. Only those mushroom men who ignored their own traditional "method" were able to benefit the world, and incidentally become rich themselves, by growing penicillin.

Science, in practice, depends far less on the experiments it prepares than on the preparedness of the minds of the men who watch the experiments. Sir Isaac Newton supposedly discovered gravity through the fall of an apple. Apples had been falling in many places for centuries and thousands of people had seen them fall. But Newton for years had been curious about the cause of the orbital motion of the moon and the planets. What kept them in place? Why didn't they fall out of the sky? The fact that the apple fell down toward the earth and not up into the tree answered the question he had been asking himself about those larger fruits of the heavens, the moon and the planets.

How many men would have considered the possibility of an apple falling *up* into the tree? Newton did because he was not trying to predict anything. He was *just wondering*. His mind was ready for the unpredictable. Unpredictability is part of the essential nature of research. If you don't have unpredictable things, you don't have research. Scientists tend to forget this when writing their cut and dried reports for the technical journals, but history is filled with examples of it.

In 1925 William Mason, a mechanical engineer, hit upon the idea of heating wood until it exploded and then using the fibers to make a good inexpensive paper. He was in a factory drying some of the fibers when a friend asked him to lunch. After

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—*Fabian Bachrach.*

W. Furness Thompson.

SOME OF HIS IMPATIENCE with scientific mummery may be due to W. Furness Thompson's own inability to find time to fashion a mask for himself. "I imagine I am a rather atypical individual to be in charge of . . . research and development . . ." he says. "I class myself as a research administrator by profession with essentially all of my experience having been learned on the job." Now Vice President in charge of Research and Development for Smith, Kline and French Laboratories, at Philadelphia, Thompson was born fifty years ago in the city where he now works. He received his primary school education at the Chestnut Hill Academy and then went to St. Paul's School at Concord, New Hampshire. Yale University graduated him with a Bachelorate of Philosophy in 1930. "Jobs were not very plentiful in those days," he recalls, "and I drifted about for six years, notably with the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company and with a small advertising firm, before coming to Smith, Kline and French. This house was small in those days but was beginning to develop a research and development program heavily backed by top management. Research appealed to me, and I have simply come along with it over the years, first in administrative charge of the Laboratories Department, then the Medical Department, and finally the Research and Development Division." He was appointed Vice President in charge of Research and Development in 1946 and was elected to the Board of Directors in 1950. He looks upon research as big business which by nature requires special adminstrative techniques. A few of these that he has developed over the last twenty years: motivation beyond mere accumulation of profit, open exchange of information among the staff even when that involves serious risk of leaks to competitors, optional research for the more creative scientists whenever possible ("This is often more easily said than done"), a minimum of administrative tasks for scientific personnel. The accompanying article is an elaboration for SR/RESEARCH of ideas which were first expressed at the National Industrial Research Conference of the Armour Research Foundation in Chicago.

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turning off the steam valve that regulated the heat, Mason left the place. He had a leisurely lunch followed by a few extra cups of coffee. When he returned to the factory he discovered to his horror that the valve he thought he had closed was defective—the heat had remained on all the time he was away. The wood fibers weren't merely dry; they were baked! Mason's first reaction was to throw the fibers away. Before he did so, however, he took a long close look at them. He found a smooth sheet not of paper but of a new very special kind of grainless wood.

Another man made a valuable discovery because he forgot to wash his hands. He knocked off work in a laboratory to eat a roast beef sandwich, took one bite and gagged. The sandwich was sickeningly sweet! In reaching for a glass of water, he noticed his hands were dirty. Could the dirt have anything to do with the unexpected sweetness of that sandwich? He examined the stuff he had been handling in the laboratory before lunch and thereby discovered saccharin. Serendipity is the high-sounding name for this kind of happy accident.

IN TALKING to some scientists, particularly younger ones, you might gather the impression that they find the "scientific method" a substitute for imaginative thought. I've attended research conferences where a scientist has been asked what he thinks about the advisability of continuing a certain experiment. The scientist has frowned, looked at the graphs, and said "the data are still inconclusive." "We know that," the men from the budget office have said, "but what do *you* think? Is it worth while going on? What do *you* think we might expect?" The scientist has been shocked at having even been asked to speculate.

What this amounts to, of course, is that the scientist has become the victim of his own propaganda. He has put up the infallible objective front so consistently that he not only believes it himself, but has convinced industrial and business management that it is true. If experiments are planned and carried out according to plan as faithfully as the reports in the science journals indicate, then it is perfectly logical for management to expect research to produce results measurable in dollars and cents. It is entirely reasonable for auditors to believe that scientists who know exactly where they are going and how they will get there should not be distracted by the necessity of keeping one eye on the cash register while the other eye is on the microscope. Nor, if regularity and conformity to a standard pattern are as desirable to the scientist as the writing of his papers would appear to reflect, is management to be blamed for discriminating against the "odd balls" among researchers in favor of more conventional thinkers who "work well with the team."

All of us who actually have to do with research know that the "odd ball" often is a more valuable scientist than his well adjusted colleague. "Odd ball" may be too strong a phrase. I'm not talking about the man who is extremely unusual—who wears a Napoleon hat. No, I mean the man who doesn't conform, who doesn't always think the way most of us are thinking, who doesn't always act the way most of us are acting.

I can remember an extremely valuable senior scientist of ours who made many important contributions to our research program but who apparently did very little work, and who took privileges which were quite conspicuous. He was a flower fancier. He spent so much time growing flowers in his laboratory that it began to look like the beginning of a small greenhouse. We were worried about the effect of this man on the morale of those who worked with and for him. But when we looked into the situation we found that our fears were groundless. He was not resented. The others around him realized that if they were contributing as much as he, they too could grow flowers in the lab or design Rube Goldberg apparatus.

At least a large part of the non-scientist's hostility to or fear of the scientist rises from the stereotyped idea of the scientist as a man, the myth that the scientist himself perpetuates. This imaginary person does not quite belong to the same species as other human beings; he lives in a different world; he thinks in a different way.

Actually, the scientist thinks in much the same way that the rest of us do. The problems he encounters in his work are different from our problems, but his method of arriving at solutions is much the same as ours. The scientist is not necessarily smarter or more creative than the non-scientist. The psychological process of creativity—whether a man is creating a new vaccine, a novel, a painting, or a piece of sculpture—is much the same for everybody.

If the scientist, in writing about his work, will present himself as a fellow fallible human he will lead us all to be receptive of his accomplishments, tolerant of his failures, and far less likely to demand of him more than he can possibly give.

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

THE EARTH SHAKES OUT ITS SECRETS

In Shifting Its Weight Below, It Signals Through the Rocks

NO OTHER part of the globe is so inaccessible as that lying directly beneath our feet. But by studying earthquake records the scientist is able to build up a picture of the construction of the earth right to its centre.

There are about four or five possible ways in which the earth could vibrate, and, if we are to understand the records, it is necessary to find out which types are actually involved. Two kinds are of the greatest importance in earthquake study, and the seismologist has to refer to them so often that he has given them one-letter names, P and S. The letters really stand for "primary" and "secondary" in the order of their arrival from a disturbance within the earth. But it is easier to remember them as *push* and *shake*.

A *push* wave is really a sound wave through the earth, and is the fastest kind. As the wave passes, each particle of the rock moves to and fro in the same direction the wave is travelling. The wave goes about eight kilometers (five miles) in a second. In the *shake* wave, the particles of the rock move at right angles to the direction in which the wave is travelling, exactly like they do in a rope which is fixed at one end and shaken at the other. This wave goes only about 4.5 kilometers (2.75 miles) in a second. If we measure the difference in the times of arrival of these two waves, we can work out how far they both have traveled. The further they come, the deeper they will have penetrated into the body of the earth. The deeper they have penetrated, the faster they have traveled. So we can explore the centre of the earth.

The earth, we learn in this indirect manner, is a ball 7,900 miles in diameter. There are three main layers in it: (1) a thin skin called the crust, some five to twenty-five miles in thickness, enclosing two regions of

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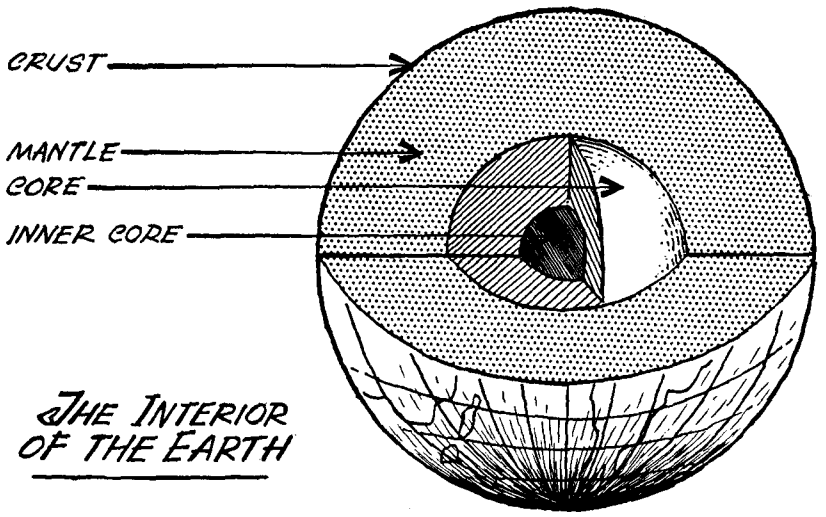

THE INTERIOR OF THE EARTH

roughly equal size, (2) the mantle, and (3) the core.

The earth gets hotter and hotter as we go deeper and deeper inside it—about 1 degree Fahrenheit for every fifty feet down; and although we have only been able to take our measurements to a depth of a mile or two, we can be fairly confident that the temperature will go on increasing to a considerably greater depth. It takes no great imagination to realise that a point will soon be reached at which rocks of the kind we meet at the surface would melt, and become somewhat like the lava of volcanoes.

There is, however, an objection to this picture. So great is the weight of the surface rocks that melting cannot take place. Nevertheless, at some definite depth, all the rocks lose their individual identity, and become fused together into one great mixture. Perhaps the best way to think of the physical condition of the rocks at this depth is to liken them to solid pitch. Even if it is so solid that it can be shattered by a hammer blow, it will still flow and spread if we leave a lump on the bench overnight. If we treat it gently, it behaves as a liquid; but if we apply sudden forces to it, it behaves like a brittle solid.

The depth at which the temperature and pressure are high enough to allow flow to take place is the base of the crust. The seismologist can always recognize it by the fact that in the mantle, immediately beneath it, *push* waves will travel with a speed of 8.1 kilometers. Above the mantle, inside the crust, all the geological processes have free reign, and the situation is complex.

The uppermost layers of the crust are composed in the main of sedimentary rocks, the ones that result from the wear and tear of the weather. We know that these rocks are folded, warped, and tilted to an extraordinary degree; but it is reasonable to expect a more uniform state of affairs in the deeper parts. It has been found, both from studies of local earthquakes, and from special experiments involving artificial explosions, that this is in fact the case; and that it is possible to divide the crust in different places into two main types, one type being found beneath the continents and the other type beneath the oceans.

The continental crust is a two-layered structure, the upper part of which consists of acid crystalline rocks like granite, and the bottom part of more basic rocks like basalt. Underneath the oceans the granitic layer is missing, and in very deep ocean basins the basaltic or, as it is more generally called, the "intermediate" layer, becomes very thin.

THE mantle of the earth is a much more uniform affair than the crust, and appears to be the same whether we examine it at sea or on land, under plains or ocean deeps or mountain ranges. It is too deep for us to obtain actual samples, but it probably consists of an ultra-basic rock called dunite, which is mainly olivine. As we go deeper, it becomes denser and more rigid, and though one or two minor changes occur, its behaviour is free from surprises until we reach 1,800 miles, the boundary of the core.

The speed of waves in the mantle is not, of course, the same at all depths. Just beneath the crust, as I have explained, it is 8.1 km/sec for *push* waves. This speed increases gradually to about 13.6 km/sec at the boundary of the core. *Shake* waves give values of 4.4 km/sec and 7.3 km/sec. At the core, the *shake* waves meet an impenetrable barrier, but *push* waves can continue, although their speed is again reduced to 8.1 km/sec.

On the surface of the earth, inability to transmit *shake* waves is regarded as a most important sign that a material is a liquid. Although the core is liquid by this test, it is misleading to think of it as behaving like water. A reliable analogy is difficult to find, and we must be content to think of the material of the core as quite unlike anything we have ever met at the surface of the earth. Some geophysicists think the core is a concentration of heavy metals, like iron and nickel, whilst others suppose that atoms of the materials forming the rest of the earth have merely been changed under pressure so that they can be more tightly packed.

The core is not a simple structure with the same properties all the way through. In 1936 an examination of records of a number of large earthquakes revealed *push* wave behaviour that can best be explained if there is an inner core, about 1,250 km in radius, and of rather greater density than the outer portion. It is probable for other reasons that the inner core is solid.

Lest we be guilty of oversimplification, we must note a major aberration. In considering how waves travel in the mantle of the earth, we assumed that as we went deeper the velocity would increase progressively. When the sound waves from underwater explosions were studied, an assumption of this kind was not found to be valid. In the oceans, it gets colder quite quickly down to a depth of 500 to 700 fathoms, where it is close to freezing. Below this the decrease in temperature is much slower. The speed of sound in water depends on the temperature, and on the pressure; the result of temperature and pressure acting together is to lower the speed at 700 fathoms to a unique level. If we fire a small explosive charge at this depth, not all the waves will be able to reach the surface. Unless they leave the source at a great angle to the horizontal, they will be bent backwards and forwards within a narrow channel, and transmitted thousands of miles.

Professor Beno Gutenberg believes that there is a similar channel in the crust of the earth. And it is quite probable that this layer is not the only one to be found inside the earth. There is one in the upper part of the mantle, Professor Gutenberg thinks. At the boundary of the core there is another sharp drop in velocity, which must be due to still another channel; and there is perhaps a fourth within the core itself. Exact details of the position of these channels and the velocity of waves in them are not easy to calculate. Their study will form the center of a great deal of research in the next few years.

—G. A. EIBY, *in "About Earthquakes" (Copyright © 1957 by G. A. Eiby, Harper, $3).*

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XVIII

SCIENTIFIC STATESMAN

George Braxton Pegram Has Been a Quiet But Dynamic Influence in the Expanding World of Physics

AFTER George Braxton Pegram had been graduated from Trinity College (now Duke University) and had spent four years as a high-school teacher, he went to a friend of the family to borrow $450 for his first year of graduate study at Columbia University.

"What are you going to study?" the friend asked. Pegram replied, "I'm seriously thinking of taking up physics."

"Why, George," the friend exclaimed, "I didn't know you were interested in medicine!"

The date of that episode was 1899. The friend betrayed the innocence of most Americans of two generations ago with respect to study of the natural laws governing physical behavior. To say that such a misunderstanding would be impossible now would be superfluous. But it may be a meaningful exercise in the history of science to assess the extent of George Braxton Pegram's personal responsibility for turning his own anecdote into a period piece.

Physics is almost synonymous with science today because it pried power from the nucleus of the atom. Young George Pegram began exploring the nucleus at a moment no contemporary could have recognized as the dawn of a new age. What impelled him? Perhaps he was just another case of the unconsciously prepared mind.

Circumstances can be cited to support such a view. George Pegram grew up in an academic atmosphere. His maternal grandfather was the president of Trinity College. His father was professor of chemistry at Trinity, the man whose name was given to a Pegram Hall on what is now the Duke campus. George's own doctoral thesis in 1903—the one his friend expected would deal with purgatives—was among the very first American studies in radioactivity. And the young man's selection as a Tyndall Fellow in 1907 sent him to Europe for a year of research when practically all the great physicists of the time were on that continent.

George Pegram had a very good sense of direction. It headed him straight for the University of Berlin, where Max Planck, in one of the greatest intellectual feats of history, was formulating the quantum theory. A classmate of Pegram's under Planck was physicist Lise Meitner, who would later predict the release of energy from uranium atoms fissioned by chemist Otto Hahn. Hahn himself was conducting research at the University, which was altogether caught up in the scientific turmoil Albert Einstein had just loosed with his theory of relativity.

Already in those early days Pegram was beginning an apprenticeship in scientific statecraft. Though only an instructor on the Columbia faculty, he was president Nicholas Murray Butler's envoy to persuade Planck to lecture on Morningside Heights. Planck, who had explored worlds never before seen by man, at first demurred, saying "I suffer so from homesickness." Pegram bargained. Suppose Planck should be accompanied by one of his twin daughters? The invitation was accepted, and Planck's first American visit was a great triumph.

Upon returning from Europe, Pegram rose rapidly in the Columia faculty. By 1917 he was dean of engineering. The thirteen years he spent in that post could have been a career in themselves. To him, they were only a springboard for a plunge back into research. Stimulated by Chadwick's discovery of the neutron in 1932, he investigated the neutron's size, its use in transmuting elements, and its other potentialities as an experimental bullet.

For six years Pegram submerged himself in pursuit of pure science, heedless of prestige or position. He emerged one of the most powerful scientists in America. In 1936 he was named dean of Columbia's graduate faculties, in position to encourage research wherever it occurred on the campus.

It was Dean Pegram who made the intricate arrangements to bring Enrico Fermi to this country when the Italian nuclear physicist fled his fascist homeland on a pretext of accepting the 1938 Nobel prize in Stockholm. It was Dean Pegram who added John Dunning to the faculty in time to confirm, with Fermi (in March 1939), the enormous energy Hahn had released by splitting uranium atoms. It was Dean Pegram who first had the wit to tell the U.S. Navy that this new energy would have especial usefulness as fuel for a submarine.

THE dean's letter to the Navy only hinted at a super-explosive, and that with reservation. Nevertheless, the letter was the pioneer document of the atom age. And when a slightly stronger note signed by Einstein was carried in person by Alexander Sachs to President Roosevelt the Navy recognized Pegram's priority by giving the first $6,000 of government atomic energy funds to the Columbia researchers. Pegram himself was picked as vice-chairman of Roosevelt's atom watchdog committee.

In these days of universal awareness of the need for liaison between the scientist and the society to which he belongs, Dean Pegram seems to breathe the innocent detachment of the academician. But the physicists of the 1940's were far more sheltered from the outside world than he, and to them he seemed a worldly and sophisticated man. Fermi, in his last trip to Columbia, recalled with nostalgia that when the first atomic reactor experiment outgrew Pupin Physics Laboratory, he simply called

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on Dean Pegram "who . . . could carry out magic around the university" —the experiment was transferred to a room in Schermerhorn Hall.

Fermi also recalled a practical streak in Pegram's nature. The large uranium-cored graphite blocks used to build up the reactor lattice resembled nothing so much as chunks of polished coal, both in weight and in ability to blacken the nuclear physicists, whose wives nightly greeted them in wondrous puzzlement.

"Why not," Dean Pegram suggested, "use members of the Columbia football team for this work?"

"It was a marvelous idea," Fermi said, "and it was really a pleasure to direct the work of those husky boys, canning uranium—just shoving it in—handling packs of fifty or one hundred pounds with the same ease as another person would have handled three or four pounds."

At the Dean's suggestion, no guards were set around the building which housed this secret project. As he anticipated, "No one showed any interest in what a few scientists were doing in the basement of Schermerhorn."

In addition to the reactor work, the beginnings of the gaseous diffusion process of enriching uranium in the U-235 (fissionable) isotope were made at Columbia. Dean Pegram and Professor Harold C. Urey were sent to England to lay the groundwork for British participation in joint atomic development, largely in this country, should the war spread. Only a few days after they returned home, Pearl Harbor shocked this country into war, and by government decree, the reactor program (with it Fermi, Szilard, Zinn, Anderson, and others) was moved to the University of Chicago. Pegram, however, continued as vice-chairman of the central advisory committee to the Manhattan Engineering District throughout the war.

DEAN Pegram's great power in that committee was most often exercised by indirection. He had become a past-master at working through others. This is perhaps why he is not as well known outside the world of physics for his wartime work as many other scientists with lesser roles. He also had the scientist's reticence concerning personal publicity, and when honors were being passed out, more often than not he was on the board making the selections.

After the war Pegram not only continued as dean of the Columbia graduate school—a full-time job in a large, research-minded university—but broadened his efforts to extend the magnificent research and educational potential of atomic energy. When a small group of idealistic young Southern scientists established the Oak Ridge Institute of Nuclear Studies, he was appointed to the first Board of Directors. He was also instrumental in establishment of Brookhaven National Laboratory, the atomic energy research center which nine northeastern universities manage for the Atomic Energy Commission.

In 1948 he was named vice president of Columbia—he and General Eisenhower got along famously—and following his retirement from that post in 1950 under the university's retirement rules, he was retained as a special advisor to the president as well as chairman of the university committee on government-aided research. At the age of seventy-five, he was still playing his usual game of tennis and continuing with zest his many extra-curricular scientific activities. Less than a year after his formal retirement, however, he fell victim to a heart condition that seriously curtailed his activities, although he continued his duties at Columbia until January 31, 1957. Only then did he accept inactivity; he "ceased all work."

Dean Pegram takes a detached view of his physical frailty and has become something of an expert on the effects of cardiac deficiency. When he and Mrs. Pegram moved to Madison, New Jersey, in 1950, he took an apartment at Butler Hall on the Columbia campus to avoid daily commuting and has kept it since.

Although inclined to be reserved in the presence of strangers, Dean Pegram is a warm and simple person. He has a teacher's rapport with children, and is a gold mine of mathematical puzzlers for all ages. His quiet dignity is not without its adventurous moments; at Oak Ridge on Sunday morning, when told that the tenor in the St. Stephen's Episcopal Church choir was indisposed, he said "I used to sing tenor," donned the choir robes and did a passable job.

This account of Dean Pegram's career would seem to cover more than any one person could do. Yet it has neglected an activity that probably ranks in importance with his contributions at Columbia. That was his work in the American Physical Society, of which he was treasurer for twenty-eight years. Dr. Henry Barton, associate director of the American Institute of Physics, classifies Pegram as one of the few who are left whose knowledge of American physics and physicists is truly national in scope. "Pegram, I need a man who can do so and so," was a plea the Dean heard throughout his career, and he almost always knew who the man was. Physics has grown so that no single person ever again will fill that role.

—DIXON JOHNSON.

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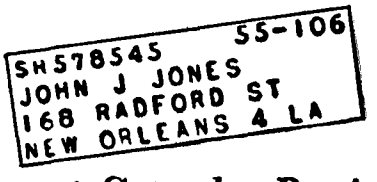

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?

Research often leads in directions quite different from the one first intended by a curious experimenter. Nevertheless, every scientific inquiry must begin with a question. Why this? How that? What if? The Editors have invited scientists to suggest new areas for research. Answers appear here as received.

—G. E. Research Laboratory.

GEORGE L. GAINES, JR. (*General Electric Research Laboratory*): Mica appears in nature like a stack of hot cakes on a breakfast plate. The "cakes" themselves (each one only about 1/25,000,000 inch thick) are made of closely-knit networks of silicon, aluminum, oxygen, and hydroxyl ions with a dash of iron, manganese, fluorine or other elements, depending on the origin of the mix. This recipe produces a tough, flexible material that is an excellent insulator for heat and electricity.

Between the aluminum silicate cakes is a sprinkling of potassium ions, which occupy regular positions in the lattice structure of the crystal. Rather than keeping the cakes from sticking, these ions provide the adhesive that holds the layers together. The bonds *between* layers, however, are much weaker than those *within* the layers.

It is for this reason that extremely flat surfaces can be obtained when mica is split into thin sheets. In other crystals, the tendency for cleavage to occur is only slightly greater along one plane than along another. The chances, then, for producing atomically plane surfaces of useful size are much higher for mica than for other crystals. Even the surfaces of liquids are rougher than the surface of mica.

Because of its unique atomic flatness, mica is a useful material in an important fundamental science: surface chemistry. The study of surfaces is an extremely promising field in physical chemistry today—and one that is poorly understood. Heterogeneous catalysis, the triggering effect that certain materials (not reactants themselves) exert on chemical reactions, is a surface phenomenon. Furthermore, many types of chemical reactions are limited or controlled by effects that occur at the surfaces of the reactants. Often, in expanding the scale of a reaction from test tube to commercial-size batches, changes in volume-to-surface ratios are the great challenge to the chemical engineer.

Heat transfer is a *physical* occurrence that may be affected in large measure by the nature of surfaces. Gettering (the absorption of gases, such as oxygen, which inhibit the flow of electrons) and cathode poisoning (the damaging effect of absorbed gases) of great interest to electronics engineers, are primary surface phenomena. Irving Langmuir, the world-famous G. E. scientist, who died a few weeks ago, won the Nobel Prize in 1932 for his researches in surface chemistry. He was interested in how much gas could be adsorbed on a flat surface, and mica had the flattest surface he could find.

Recently we here in the Physical Chemistry Section of the G. E. Research Laboratory have been trying a new approach to the problem of gas adsorption on mica. We call it "checking the hot spots." The potassium ions on the surface in some way act as "hot spots" affecting the adsorption of gases. We are trying to find out how and why. What are the reasons for mica's amazing ability to adhere to itself? What role do the gases play in this adhesion? Why does anything stick together? These are fundamental questions; their answers would be a big breakthrough in physical science.

—U.S. Army Photo.

GEORGE J. STILES (*Ballistic Research Laboratories, Aberdeen Proving Ground*): Most of us know that the atmosphere of the earth is responsible for the twinkling of the stars. Unfortunately, no one knows how this takes place. Twinkling is annoying to astronomers (who call it scintillation), but other effects of the atmosphere are more serious. These are the rapid motion (dancing) and change of size (pulsation) of a star image. Many astronomers have studied this problem (the "seeing" problem) and several very ingenious experimental methods have been developed. At the present time, however, our knowledge of "seeing" is so incomplete that a certain amount of intelligent guessing is required. At the Ballistic Research Laboratories here at Aberdeen we are conducting experiments to minimize the guesswork. Since we cannot measure the changing winds and temperatures at high altitudes except with expensive balloons, we have brought the stars down close to the ground by mounting a small, bright light only a few feet above the surface of the earth and then looking at it through a telescope a short distance away. The distances we have used range from less than 1,000 feet to five miles. At fixed locations between the light and the telescope lens we take continuous measurements of the temperature and movement of the air. The variations we see in this light near the ground agree very well with the variations observed in starlight by astronomers. Thus it appears that we can simulate the astronomical conditions under more convenient circumstances. The way is now clear for further experiments which may permit scientists to understand "seeing."

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1224

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Make appear ridiculous.	197 134 187 68 123 9 14 167
B. Character who ran for vice-president in "Of Thee I Sing."	1 110 85 75 151 119 161 33 103 51 169 72 179 155
C. Combining form meaning nine.	127 118 105 171 97
D. One of the alternate spellings for the mother of King Arthur.	154 145 41 80 18 166
E. Followed by "Bay," village on Juan de Fuca Strait, first white settlement in state of Washington, 1791.	98 177 182 21
F. Pitcher plus catcher.	141 7 115 189 163 130 74
G. Age of Queen Victoria when she died (comp.).	28 146 30 157 93 6 95 149 107
H. Carry away (2 wds. which sound almost like a German potato).	185 48 126 90 174 122 133
I. Script of Aramaic origin used in NW India, Afghanistan, etc. for 500 years.	137 2 92 114 100 10 54 128 62 94
J. At glowing temperature (comp.).	193 24 194 124 84 56
K. Lady's page.	136 45 85 127 39 55 57 160
L. Unseemly.	31 144 106 113 88 20 64 53

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Hindu water carrier who dies for his master, titular hero of Kipling poem.	148 59 99 159 87 42 150 108
N. Ancient town on Nile below the Fourth Cataract, capital of Nubia, 750 B.C.	34 77 172 17 101 79
O. An ascon; hypothetical ancestral type of all sponges.	13 8 89 71 65 170 180 193
P. What the ruler of England is asked to do about "knavish tricks" in the national anthem.	76 16 192 12 83 178 104 44 40
Q. Gleam, esp. in the dark.	47 135 132 82 36 153 121 4 26 181 112 190
R. Invade the rights of another.	117 147 15 49 58 25 66 158
S. Fighting by the use of fire, as in the defeat of the Spanish Armada.	176 196 73 191 60 22 96 91 120
T. Where Mozart was buried (2 wds.).	61 5 50 156 111 29 175 52 138 3 69 162
U. Home of Odysseus.	81 11 152 102 19 70
V. The sacred bamboo.	38 63 164 165 43 183
W. Familiar saying from the Latin, to the effect that the slightly intoxicated person tells the truth, even if it hurts (3 wds.).	143 139 27 37 78 186 32 125 173 45 109 116 168
X. Name of the proposed man-made Earth-satellite soon to be launched.	23 67 131 140 35 195 142 184

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 B	2 I	3 T		4 Q	5 T	6 G	7 F	8 O	9 A	10 I	11 U	12 P		13 O	14 A									
15 R	16 P	17 N	18 D	19 U	20 L		21 E	22 S	23 X	24 J		25 R	26 Q	27 W	28 G	29 T								
	30 G	31 L	32 W	33 B	34 N		35 X	36 Q		37 W	38 V	39 K	40 P	41 D	42 M									
43 V	44 P		45 W	46 K		47 Q	48 H	49 R	50 T		51 B	52 T		53 L	54 I	55 K								
	56 J	57 K	58 R	59 M	60 S	61 T	62 I	63 V	64 L	65 O		66 R	67 X	68 A	69 T	70 U								
71 O	72 B	73 S	74 F		75 B	76 P		77 N	78 W		79 N	80 D	81 U	82 Q	83 P	84 J								
85 K	86 B	87 M	88 L	89 O		90 H	91 S	92 I	93 G		94 I	94 G		96 S	97 C	98 E								
99 M	100 I	101 N		102 U	103 B	104 P	105 C	106 L	107 G	108 M		109 W	110 B	111 T		112 Q								
113 L	114 I	115 F	116 W	117 R	118 C	119 B	120 S		121 R	122 H		123 A	124 J	125 W		126 H								
127 C	128 I	129 K	130 F	131 X		132 Q	133 H		134 A	135 Q	136 K		137 I	138 T	139 W	140 X								
	141 F	142 X	143 W	144 L	145 D	146 G	147 R	148 M		149 G	150 M	151 B	152 U		153 Q	154 D								
155 B		156 T	157 G	158 R		159 M	160 K	161 B	162 T	163 F	164 V		165 V	166 D	167 A	168 W								
	169 B	170 O	171 C		172 N	173 W	174 H	175 T	176 S	177 E	178 P	179 B	180 O	181 Q		182 E								
183 V	184 X		185 H	186 W	187 A	188 J	189 F	190 Q	191 S	192 P	193 O		194 J	195 X	196 S	197 A								

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic w . be found on page 9 of this issue.

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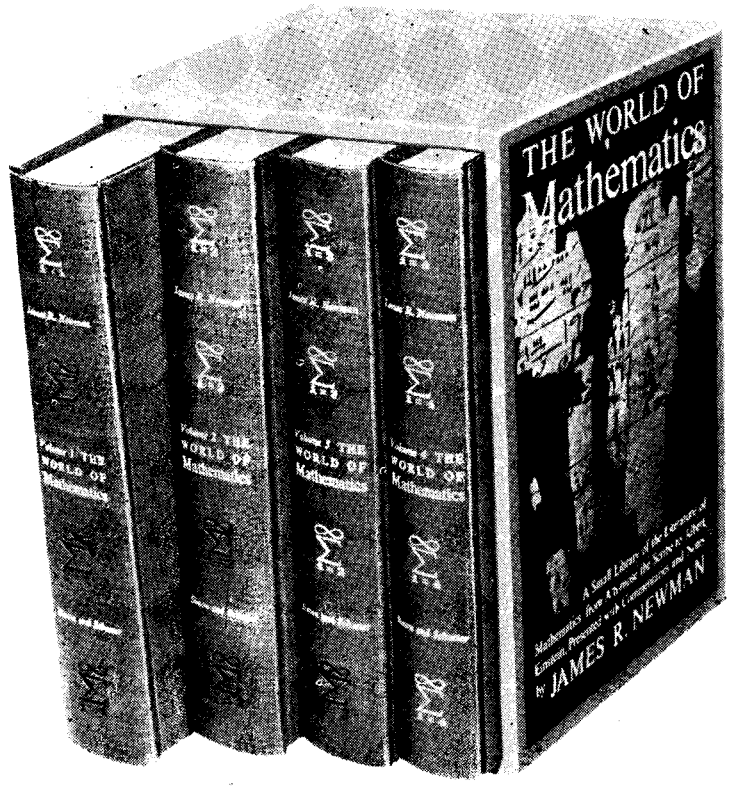

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